

The Epworth League.

New England District.
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THE PRESIDENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

"RALLY" round your leader," is the name of a childhood game that is suggestive of the camp-meeting days come on. Alert response to the leader's orders was the essence of the game, and the most watchful obedience secured success invariably. Now soon our tented groves all over New England will be full of worshippers and of others drawn by many and differing attractions. Under the leadership of our presiding elders the zealous servants of our Lord will try to win the hostile and indifferent to Him, and the more mature will instruct those who are seeking the truth in the ways of the Spirit. What an invaluable assistance the members of our Leagues who are on the ground can render if they meet together, take upon them vows of consecration, and go together to their presiding elder and tell him they are at his service for any duty.

This is the time to wear the badges. They will help each one to feel the strength of the united company, and to render more efficient service than he could unaided and alone. The elder may detail you for work at the altar, or he may use you among the seats inviting forward the penitent. He may give into your hands some special service. What he bids you, that do, and show the result of your training. It has always seemed to me that one result of our League work should be the having a body of disciplined disciples as ready to go at once to a place of need and work with noticeable skill as the Red Cross Association is to enter upon a scene of disaster and execute its beneficent purposes. I believe in many places exactly this result has followed the work of our chapters.

In a conversation the other day the editor of this paper, ever alive to the interests of his League constituency, said to me, "Tell the young folks when they are off on their vacations this summer to visit the Leagues wherever they may be." This is very sensible advice. You know how it lives up your meeting at home when a strange voice is heard bearing witness to a love for our common Master; you know how it broadens your sympathies and helps you to feel that which it is so good to feel—the sense of fellowship with the catholic, the universal church. Now, what that strange voice does in your meeting you can do in some other meeting and greatly encourage other young Christians. Further, you will doubtless receive some new ideas of how to carry on your chapter work from these visits, for there are few things so fruitful in suggestions as the interested visitation of the work of others. Come into acquaintance and sympathy with these brother and sister Epworthites wherever you may go, and your own work and theirs will be the better for your summer travel.

The plans for the October meeting in Worcester are being perfected. Prof. Winchester, of our University at Middletown, Conn., has consented to speak for us, and it will be a great treat for you all to hear him. Mr. Raymond, of New Bedford, a young lawyer of prominence in that city, has been assigned a theme, and has consented to take it. Rev. A. J. Hough, of Vermont, will prepare a poem—and we all know that means something first-rate. We are going to have just the best sort of a time. We are not arranging for such a wonderful mammoth meeting as that of our brothers and sisters in Christian Endeavor at New York, but a family reunion that will, we have no doubt, do equal good in its own though a different way. Do not forget the dates—Oct. 6 and 7.

WILLIAM I. HAVEN.

WAR STORIES.

WILLIAM A. MOWRY, PH. D.

It was a beautiful day in the leafy month of May, 1863, that we halted and bivouacked near the "Deserted House," in the very southeast corner of Virginia. Our force numbered between ten and fifteen thousand men, who were sent out from Suffolk to take up railroad track, after Gen. Longstreet had abandoned the siege of that stronghold.

Longstreet, with forty thousand men, had been called off by Gen. Lee, who, just after the battle of Chancellorsville, anticipated another attack from Hooker. Gen. Peck, in command at Suffolk, now found upon his hands nearly thirty thousand men, confronted by no force of the enemy. He therefore ordered about half his command to push out towards Franklin, on the Blackwater River, and take up the rails of the Seaboard & Roanoke railroad, which ran from Norfolk through Suffolk to Weldon and Goldsboro.

The "Deserted House" was so called from the fact that for many years it had not been inhabited. The story runs as follows: After the famous Nat. Turner's insurrection, near this place, on the borders of the Dismal Swamp, some of the negroes who had

participated in that ill-fated attempt at freedom, had been captured and, after the most summary proceedings, were hung from the tall trees surrounding the mansion upon this old plantation. The house was large, the place eligibly situated, and the plantation one of the best. But after the tragedy it grew dilapidated, and finally ran down; the owner, prematurely old and pale and haggard, sold the place and moved away. The new owner remained there but a short time and also moved away, renting the house and plantation to another party. They, too, soon left it, and after a period of idleness the old house was again rented—again to have a short occupancy and again to become empty. So it went on, until nobody would live there, and the stories of ghosts, and noises, and screams for mercy at midnight, prevented any one from venturing to occupy it. Thus for some years prior to the war the old place had been deserted.

In December, 1862, a battle occurred near by, and the house was burned. The Eleventh Rhode Island was one of several regiments to encamp here on that bright and warm spring day in May, 1863.

Friday and Saturday passed by and Sunday came on. We were threatened by a small rebel force of Mississippi and Alabama troops on our front, which obliged us to keep up a strong picket line. On Sunday I was officer of the picket. About 10 o'clock our boys captured and brought to the picket headquarters a white man about fifty years old and a smart colored boy of fourteen. The man was either half-witted or he was feigning to be so. After a careful examination of both characters I found that he was really a half-witted man, and a fair specimen of the Virginia and North Carolina poor whites.

During the day I visited his house. He lived upon a little clearing, some distance back from the road, directly in the woods. He had a log house, a smoke-house and a kitchen. About two acres were cleared and under cultivation. At that time, however, he had but about a quarter of an acre of ground planted, mostly with corn. The soil was simply sand, so barren that grass would scarcely grow on it. His stock had consisted of a few sheep—now all gone—a few hens, and some pigs roaming in the woods. Here lived a family of nine persons—the demented father, the hard-working, thrifty mother, and seven children, the oldest fourteen. When I reached the house, through a long, winding cart-path which ran in from the road to their little clearing, the mother was sitting just within the door, carding cotton, with her baby by her side on the floor. How that family of nine persons were to find something to eat, with only their quarter of an acre of corn and few garden vegetables, did not appear evident.

But to return to our picket line. The colored man captured with the poor-white man was bright and intelligent, but shy and reticent. His name was George Vaughn. For some time he was unwilling to talk, and but little information could be drawn from him. At last, having secured his confidence, I learned that he was at work on a neighboring plantation, hired out by his father's master. His father lived several miles away, and had nine children, of whom he was the oldest. When asked if he would like to go with us into Suffolk, and so secure his freedom, he replied in the negative. Later, when I had won his confidence, he explained that his father and mother were desirous of going within the Federal lines at the first opportunity, and he preferred to wait till they went, that the family might not be divided. Having invited him to come and see me if he got into Suffolk, and promising to find some work for him to do, I dismissed him with the white man, and let them go.

Not many days after, having taken up the rails on the Seaboard & Roanoke railroad from Carlisle past the Deserted House nearly to Suffolk, our forces crossed over by a night march to the Norfolk & Petersburg railroad, to a point between Windsor Station and Zuni, near to Antioch Church, and began taking up the rails on that road. Saturday night found us at Windsor, and Sunday afternoon at Mills Barrett's farm, three miles below Windsor.

Monday morning early, before the dew was off the grass, I was told that a colored boy was looking for me, and seemed very anxious to find me. Soon after he came up, apparently in great haste and all excitement, and, taking off his hat and manifesting the utmost earnestness, said:—

"Good-morning, Captain. All ready now, Captain; ready to go in."
"What do you mean? Ready to go in? Go in where—out of the rain?"
"Oh, no, massa, ready to go into Suffolk—father, mother, and all the children. Where is de wagon? Can ye tote de goods?"
"Goods, what goods? Wagon? We can't furnish you with a wagon. Who are you, anyway?"
"I am George Vaughn; hab you done forgot me? Oh, dear, how den can we get in and carry de goods? We must have de goods. I thought you soldiers would give us de wagon and tote us into Suffolk. What shall we do?"
"Haven't you got a horse and wagon?"
"No, massa, no."
"Has your master no horse?"
"No, sah."
"Has he a yoke of oxen?"
"No. Got a steer."
"Got a steer. Have you a cart too?"
"Yes, sah; got steer and cart."
Many of the small planters or farmers in that section had either a single steer or a cow which they worked in a crooked yoke attached to a two-wheeled, rude cart.

"Well, George, go home and find

the steer, drive him into the woods and keep him hid till 3 o'clock this afternoon. Then pack your goods in the cart, harness in the steer and start, all of you, for Suffolk. We will protect you."

George started off instantly, without waiting for further ceremony, and about 3 o'clock that afternoon the "steer" and "cart" passed by our camp, with beds, boxes, chairs, piled up upon the cart; Mr. Vaughn, the father, carrying the baby in his arms, Mrs. Vaughn leading a little girl by the hand, and seven other children trotting along beside the cart.

They reached Suffolk before sundown, and eleven more "contrabands" had found that "De year ob jubilo had come."

But what a dark future stared George Vaughn, the father, in the face! A stranger in a town overrun with contrabands, what could he do to get bread for nine children, himself and his wife? There were over two thousand negroes in the town. What would a white man do, thrown upon his own resources among strangers, like this man, with a family of nine young children to feed? Well, I visited the man about ten days after his arrival in Suffolk. I found him building for himself a house, and it was nearly done! With an axe and a frow he had gone to the hemlock forest, cut down the trees, split out the boards with his frow, carted them to the proper location with his "steer" and "cart," and built himself a house. It was eleven feet wide and twenty-two feet long, with posts set in the ground, a double pitch roof, chimney at one end, door, window, etc. It was built and the family moved in in just two weeks! Then the man went to work, with his steer and cart, for the Government, on the fortifications, and earned at once a good living for himself and family.

I was so well pleased with the boy George that I offered to take him home with me when I came, soon afterwards, and the father promised that he should go with me; but when the day came and the train was ready to leave, the hearts of both father and mother failed them. They could not have the family divided, and so George stayed in Suffolk, and I have never heard from him that day to this. But I feel sure that, if he is now living, he is an honest, honorable, useful man.

CARPE DIEM.

When is the golden time? you ask—
The golden time for love;
The time when earth is green beneath,
And skies are blue above;
The time for sturdy hands and strength,
To fill it full of earnest work;
When is the golden hour? you ask;
I answer you, "To-day."

To-day, that from the Maker's hand
Slips on the great world sea
As stanch as ever ship that launched
To sail on ocean's way;
To-day, that waits for you and me
A breath of Eden's prime,
That greets us, and and large and free—
It is our golden time.

For yesterday hath veiled her face
And gone as far away
As sands that sweep the pyramids
In Egypt's ancient day;
No man shall look on yesterday,
Or try to win her again;
Forever gone her toils, her prayers,
Her conflicts and her pain.

To-morrow is not ours to hold,
May never come to bless
Or bright our lives with weal or ill,
With gladness or distress;
No man shall grasp to-morrow's hand,
Nor catch her in his way;
For when we reach to-morrow's land,
She'll be, by then, to-day.

You ask me for the golden time—
I bid you "seize the hour,"
And fill it full of earnest work,
While yet we have the power.
To-day the golden time for joy
Beneath the household eaves;
To-day the time to banish hate,
For "bringing in the sheaves."

To-day, the golden time for peace,
For righting old feuds;
For sending forth from every heart
Whatever sin intrudes;
To-day, the time to consecrate
Your life to God above;
To-day the time to banish hate,
The golden time for love.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE LEAGUE AS A GUIDE TO SPECIAL WORK.

MISS A. A. BRANN.

ONE of the grandest results of the Epworth League movement is the fact that it has awakened its members to a realization of their responsibility and placed before them great possibilities as Christian workers. As our Leagues are made up largely of young people with limited experience, who through its several departments are brought into active work, it may be well to give a little of my personal experience. At the age of fourteen I became a Christian, after which time I felt a great interest for the welfare of those by whom I was surrounded. After becoming a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church all my energies were concentrated upon bringing others within the fold. For a few years my work was confined to the teaching of a class of young ladies of whom I was justly proud, little dreaming that I should have the privilege of carrying the Gospel to the Christian homes that lie over the sea.

Nearly three years ago I attended an Epworth League convention at South Framingham. Among the speakers our president, Rev. W. I. Haven, gave a practical talk on missionary work that might be done by the League at home. He asked how many had ever taught in a Chinese Sunday-school, and said that the question no longer remained: "What shall be done with the Chinese in China?" but, "What shall we do with the Chinese in America?" Not alone is the privilege given the missionary to carry the glad tidings to China, but in this land the Chinaman is found, and those who are unable to go there have the opportunity offered them here. I knew then very little of China except that it was the largest empire on the globe and contained nearly a third of the human race.

An interest was awakened which led

to the organization of a Chinese Sunday-school in my own church, under the direction of the Christian Work department of the League. So peculiar is the work of evangelizing the Chinese, it may be of interest to speak of the methods and character of the work in general:—

Given a Chinaman who understands little or no English, and a teacher with no knowledge of Chinese, and the work of educating the former would be difficult. The methods used must necessarily be those employed in a primary school, and pictures and papers are used to express what words fail to convey. Each teacher has but one pupil. This may seem an unnecessary waste of material. Such would be the case if the teachers were skilled in teaching languages. This proves that it is hard for the average teacher to instruct more than one till they are farther advanced in Bible study. I have taught a very bright class of Bible students from Mr. Moody's school at Mount Hermon. One of these young men closes the fifth year of a six years' course. He goes as a missionary to his own people, and a more consecrated young man it would be hard to find.

Another feature of the work is the fact that the teachers, for the most part, are young women; and much trash and comment has been printed in the secular newspapers about the fondness of these pupils for their young and pretty teachers. I have sometimes thought we would be better able to gain the assistance of young men if the pupils were pretty Chinese girls. However, a few young men have become successful teachers of the Chinese; but they are young men of rare patience, tact, and consecration. The average young men of our churches appear to lack those necessary qualifications for successful teaching. That the Chinese are fond of their teachers is a fact beyond dispute. And why not? Treated, as they are, with contempt by those who profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Saviour who said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me," a little kindness in their eyes assumes a magnitude hardly to be comprehended by the average American mind.

The opposition arises from supposed Christians. Upon what they base it I am unable to see. If, as some Christians say, "It is impossible to convert a Chinaman," why send missionaries to China? One has said, "As though the grace of God that can reclaim a South Sea Islander could be baffled by a Chinaman! Did not Christ die for all, and has not God made of one blood all the nations of the earth?" In justice to those who believe in the humanity of the Chinese, let it be said that most of these severe critics know nothing of Chinese customs, manners, or religion.

It is hard for the Chinese to reconcile the fact that all Christians do not practice the Christian virtues. A late proclamation issued by the Emperor of China recommends the Christian religion to all his subjects, and assures both them and the missionaries of protection in the preaching and practicing of that religion—showing that there was a distinction between their preaching and their practicing the Word. One of the young men converted in this school and now vice-president of the Y. M. C. A. (Chinese) of Boston, came to me and said he thought there were funny Christians in this world. He didn't like to say anything about it, but his teacher had been absent every Sunday for three months. She sent word to him that she was too ill to teach, and the next day he saw her on the street.

Some weeks later we had a Sunday-school prayer-meeting. In informing the teachers of this plan, I asked poor old Chin Nong Tye if he would not give his heart to Christ. His answer was characteristic: "Just as you please about that." But when I explained to him what I meant, he said, "Oh, yes, but I am too old and can't learn much. He won't care much about me." Nearly all came to the altar—not only boys but the altar, but prostrating themselves beneath the altar-rail—and I thought it would have been a lesson of humility to many a stiff-necked Christian in our churches to see these heathen bowing before heaven's Lord. Not all understood what it meant; but they knew it was a form of worship, and we knew God knew all about it.

After this Chin Tye's teacher had some difficulty in teaching him about the "transition of the spirit." He thought she was inconsistent, and refused to be taught when she told him his body would be put into the ground and that he would ascend into heaven. Over and over again I have seen him turning the leaves of his dictionary of English words with the Chinese definitions to find out what it meant. But he finally comprehended what it meant, and I remember that he learned to sing with especial reverence,

"Jesus loves me, He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide."

And he sent home word that his little girl's feet were to be unbowed. Then he went home to build a house for his family, and when we were expecting him back the news reached us that he had died. We felt very sorry to lose so faithful a helper in our little school. But no matter what the newspapers say about the impropriety of young women engaging in this sort of missionary work, I know that my heaven will be gladder and brighter for having a part in teaching that faith to one of God's poor, unfortunate creatures who all his life had been taught to bow to gods of wood and stone—that faith that could look the king of terrors in the face and say, "O death, where is thy sting?" and beside the open grave could say, "O grave, where is thy victory?"

I wish I could whisper to the hearts of the young people of the League the joy of making a little sacrifice for the Master, yet one that will yield its reward in His own good time. One of the most unpromising students sent a Bible home to his mother and told her she must read it. Five have become Christians, and one has joined our own church at Waltham. After he became a Christian he had many disagreeable things to endure from his partner because he had accepted this "Jesus religion." The nearest word to a complaint he ever made was, "Of course I sorry he talk so and act so, but I think of Jesus Christ, and He keep me happy all the time." Is not this the spirit of the Master who said, "Bless them that hate you and pray for them that despitefully use you?"

While God, through the League, has called me to this work, He may call you to a very different duty; but whatever it may be, if taken up with the spirit of Him who said, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," God will bless you abundantly; for he who would be greatest in the kingdom must serve.

"You are longing to work for the Master,
Yet waiting for something to do;
You fancy the future is holding
Some wonderful mission for you.

"But while you are waiting, the moments
Are rapidly passing away.
O brother, awake from your dreaming!
Do something for Jesus to-day!"

OUR LEAGUE SCRAP-BOOK.

A Prayer.

The most beautiful and efficient feature of the order of the King's Daughters is "The Prayer of Consecration," which each King's Daughter offers every morning upon rising. It is this:—
"Take me, Lord, and use me to-day as Thou wilt!
"Whatever work Thou hast for me to do, give it unto my hands.
"If there are those Thou wouldst have me to help in any way, send them to me.
"Take my time and use it as Thou wilt.
"Let me be a vessel close to Thy hand, and meet for Thy service, to be employed only for Thee and our ministry to others 'in His name.'"

Over-Organization.

An old negro preacher in Thomaston, Ga., thus expressed himself on being asked how his church was getting along:—
"Mighty poor, mighty poor, brudder."
"What is the trouble?"
"De 'cletics. Day is jist drawin' all de fatness an' marrow out'n de body an' bones ob de blessed Lord's body. We can't do nuffin without de 'cletics. Dar is de Lincum citty, wid Sister Jones an' Bradder Brown to run it. Sister Williams' march in front ob de daughters of Rebecca. Den dare is de Dorcas, de Marthas, de Daughters of Ham and de Liberator ladies."
"Well, you have the brethren to help in the church," we suggested.
"No, sah, der am de Masons, de Odd Fellows, de sons of Ham, and de Oklahoma Land Promised pilgrims. Wady, brudder, de time de bradders and sisters jays de deuce, an' tends all de mestic's, der is nuffin left for Mount Pisgah church but jist de corns hab all been shelled off an' frowed to dese speckled chickens."

Summer Reading.

A young girl who had been carefully reared was spending the summer with her parents at a small hotel among the mountains. One day her mother was surprised to see her absorbed in a cheap, sensational novel. When asked how she came to choose such a book she innocently replied: "Why, I became interested from overhearing Mrs. H. and her friend reading it aloud on the piazza. They enjoyed it so much I thought it must be nice. This trifling incident suggests two thoughts. One is that the literary taste of young persons is cultivated unconsciously by what they hear read aloud and discussed by their elders. In this way they may be attracted to good books, which ordinarily they would not touch, or led to choose that which is bad. The other thought is the responsibility of adults as to their example in the selection of books, especially in places like summer hotels and boarding-houses. It is lamentable to see what trashy stuff intelligent men and women justify themselves in reading at this season of the year. The boys and girls note their absorption in this class of literature and naturally pick up the volumes, which are usually in paper covers and carelessly thrown aside after reading. The dearth of reading suitable for Sunday at these places might well lead Christian people to form a league to supply the lack.—*Congregationalist.*

Faithfulness.

A poor, lame, half-witted creature was obliged to stand in a close, hot room, twelve hours a day, stitching harness. He had heard from some preacher that every-day work would be ennobled, but he had only a dim idea of the man's meaning. One day he looked out of his window and saw a horse being harnessed by a man with a carriage containing a woman and child. A man leaped from the curb, caught the horse by the bridle, and was dragged along by the infuriated animal. But the bride held, the horse was stopped, the mother and child were saved.

The thought passed through the mind of the poor leather-stitcher: "Suppose the sewing on that bride had been poorly done, with bad thread. Then the bride might have broken, and the man, as well as those in the carriage, would have been injured. How do I know but that sewing was some of my work?"

Animated by that grand thought, he stitched away like a hero, determined to do his humble work well for the sake of others. From that time on he ennobled his calling, as every one may do who has the spirit of the Master, whose life has made ours worth living.—*Epworth Herald.*

Not by Might.

It was the home for old people. Many had gone there to pass their remaining days; many to meet the only friend left to them, "death." Through his companionship they would pass over the river, where all that had ever been dead was waiting to receive them. There came to this home one of the King's Daughters, young in years and young in the service of God, but she wanted to do something for Christ. The black gown and heavy veil told the story of a sorrowful heart, and she sought refuge and comfort in ministering to others.

She became a frequent visitor, going from room to room, cheering lonely and downcast

hearts; and became a ray of sunshine to those who longed daily for her visits. She was one day led to a room where lay a child of God, waiting on the borders of the river. She was an old lady who had seen the bright side of life destroyed by poverty and misfortune, and now disease in one of its saddest forms was upon her. The sight that met the eyes of the young worker for Christ was one from which she could but shrink. A feeling of weakness, such as she never felt before, came over her, and she turned away involuntarily from the pallid, emaciated face, saying to herself, "Oh, I can never see her, I am not strong enough." But as she turned she saw before her her own image reflected in a mirror, and there glistened in the rays of the morning light her little silver cross, and as if one spoke to her, she heard, "For love of Christ" and "In His Name." With a murmured prayer she turned back a changed girl.

She stooped and kissed the shrunken features, the sight of which, a moment before, had made her so weak and helpless. From that day the way was clear to her. She brought delicacies of every kind; administered all daily comforts, and by her presence cheered the remaining hours of one who had believed that no earthly friend would ever again care for her.

And this sweet ministry of tender youth to old age, this bit of experience from the real life of one of the King's Daughters, is only one of many instances of the silent influence of the little silver cross.—*Silver Cross.*

The Difference and a Reason.

A burly business man of Hartford, Conn., was talking to his partner in words like these:—

"I told B. that we must look to our laurels. I cannot help noticing how splintered and stunted the race of young men is, while the young women are taking to out-door exercises, the gymnasium, the natorium, the wheel, the oar, the tennis ground, and even to base-ball. Then, they dress more reasonably now-a-days, at least during the pleasant part of the year, for they go to the country, wear gymnastic suits and live in the sunshine and pure air. They have good rich blood and any amount of cheery spirits, while our boys as a class do not show as good, hopeful symptoms physically as they did when I was a boy—not by a big majority."

His wise and thoughtful friend made this reply: "Do you know the reason? I can tell you. The cigarette habit already claims ninety per cent. of the boys in school in our large cities; tobacco, beer saloons, gambling houses and evils deeper if possible and darker, that go with these, are lightening their devilish grip around the boyhood and young manhood of this country. The question is, what are we going to do about it?"

And the two strong men fell to thinking.—*Union Signal.*

FRESH FROM THE FIELD.

REV. F. N. UPHAM.

Middleboro, Mass.—Rev. J. W. Davis, the pastor, has plans for greatly increasing the usefulness of his good League.

West Cumberland, Maine.—The League is helping on church repairs.

Wakefield, Mass.—The League entertained the East Middlesex Circuit League at its convention, July 13. Five towns are represented in this organization: Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Wilmington and Reading. Rev. F. N. Upham was the speaker of the evening. The Wakefield people were splendid hosts and pleased greatly their Epworth guests.

Cottage City, Mass.—Rev. W. L. Hood, pastor, is conducting very successful Epworth meetings every Sunday evening at 6.30 o'clock, which are attended by large numbers of summer visitors. His "Jewel League" of children is a chief feature of his faithful work. This Vineyard opportunity Bro. Hood has seized and is blessed in his work.

Rockland District, Maine.—The Ministerial Association recently discussed the Epworth League and chose a committee to form a District League.

New Bedford District, Mass.—The churches on Cape Cod have their annual picnic and outing Aug. 4, at Yarmouth camp-ground. The League is to be represented in the afternoon by an address.

St. Albans District, Vt.—Four car-loads of Epworth Leaguers enjoyed a delightful picnic at Missisquoi Park, June 29.

Manchester District, N. H.—Rev. M. T. Cilley discussed "The Necessity of Christian Work in the Epworth League" at the last meeting of the Ministerial Association held at West Rindge, June 6 and 7.

Bristol, R. I.—A former pastor of this church reports that the League here is one of the most successful he has ever known. It has a membership of 135, and its monthly meetings are always interesting.

St. Luke's Church, Springfield, Mass.—Over one hundred members constitute the vigorous League in this thriving young church. This was the first church in the city to adopt the Epworth régime. Asbury Church has now done the same, and others are contemplating it.

Lynn District, Mass.—Dr. Knowles, presiding elder of Lynn District, New England Conference, is very desirous that all Epworth young people on his district go to Hamilton camp-meeting and help all they possibly can. He believes they can be of great assistance.

Trinity Church, Springfield, Mass.—Rev. Wallace MacMullen is Christian Endeavor vice-president for Massachusetts.

Central Church, Norwich, Conn.—The Epworth League of this church has recently raised a first class pew on one of the main aisles, and placed a nicely-printed card on the same, reading, "Welcome: Epworth League Pew." It is set apart, first, for the

"Continual dropping wears away the stone."

The continual breaking of lamp-chimneys costs a good deal in the course of a year.

You can stop it. Get Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass." You will have no more trouble with breaking from heat. You will have clear glass instead of misty; fine instead of rough; right shape instead of wrong; and uniform, one the same as another.

You will pay a nickel a chimney more; and your dealer will gain in good-will what he loses in trade; he will widen his trade by better service.

Pittsburg. GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.

seating of young people who come into the congregation as strangers; and, second, for any other strangers when the pew is not full. This act links the League still more closely to the church. This League has "taken hold" financially several times during the past year.

Providence District Convention. The sub-district convention of the Epworth League was held in the Hope St. Church. They were called to order by Rev. L. G. Horton, of East Providence. After devotional exercises, led by Rev. H. D. Robinson, a cordial welcome was given to the visiting chapters by Miss M. Ella Stewart, president of the Hope St. Chapter. The following chapters were represented: East Providence, Asbury, Hope St., Mathewson St., Broadway and Edgewood of Providence; Bristol, Hope, Phenix, Riverside, Dorrville and Warren. Papers were read on "Financial Methods," "Junior League Work," "What is the Essential in Literary Work?" "Use and Misuse of the Summer Months." The "question drawer" was very interesting.

Lunch was served in the vestry at 6 p. m.; and in the evening a prayer and praise service was held. Presiding Elder Benton gave an interesting address on "Epworth League Legislation at Omaha," and Rev. W. P. Buck spoke on the "Loyal League."

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Our Book Table.

RELIGION FOR THE TIMES. By Lucien Clark, D. D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, \$1.25.

We believe that this sentence from the preface of this volume is true: "If the religion of Christ should be correctly understood and intelligently practiced, the things of this world need no longer be divided into secular and religious, for all things would be religious." This book is written with the purpose, first, of showing the value and universality of Christianity; and, secondly, that Christianity, correctly and faithfully applied, would eradicate the distinction between the secular and the religious, between the world and the church, between the "man who lives as though this world never had an end," and the man who lives as though it did. These two chapters will be found, therefore, of essential value. The many friends of Dr. Clark, now that he has retired from the editorial staff of the *Christian Advocate*, will gladly welcome this volume into which the author has put so much of his best and most helpful thoughts.

SPIRITUALITY: HIS FAITH AND WORKS. By H. L. Wayland. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Price, \$1.25.

SPIRITUALITY: THE PEOPLE'S PARADISE. By the Author of "The Life of Gen. Gordon." London: Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane. Price, \$1.

These two lives of the late distinguished preacher are written, as it were, from opposite standpoints. The first contains a brief sketch of the life and work of Spurgeon, and also several chapters written by various preachers who estimate him from different points of view; as, e. g., Dr. Armitage furnishes a discriminating chapter on "Mr. Spurgeon as a Man." In a peculiar sense, perhaps, it is a book for Christian workers.

The second book is a more popular account of the life of the preacher. Written in deep sympathy with the work of Mr. Spurgeon, it will be found to contain one of the most graphic and interesting accounts that have been given of the life and achievements of the illustrious preacher.

A HEREDITARY CONSUMPTIVE'S SUCCESSFUL BATTLE FOR LIFE. By J. M. Buckley. L. D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, 50 cents.

This essay of nearly one hundred pages was recently printed in installments in the *Christian Advocate*. It may be said to be the record of a battle which the writer himself fought, and is therefore practical instead of theoretical. It cannot be affirmed that every consumptive's case is the same as that of Dr. Buckley, but probably they are so near akin in their inception and advancement that the suggestions and advice he gives will be not only valuable, but of supreme importance to patients who are in the early stages of the dread disease. The book should be read and heeded.

THE BOOK OF JOB. By Robert A. Watson, D. D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

This volume is another in that series known as "The Expositor's Bible." The underlying principles of this exposition of this most perplexing book of the Old Testament seem to us to be essentially false. Notwithstanding that the author has to say, the philosophy of Paley and of Herbert Spencer in this respect are incontrovertible. Though Dr. Watson attempts to disprove the statement of Paley that God either wished His creatures to be happy on earth, or wished them misery, or He was indifferent about it, he does not succeed. There is no other possible alternative. If, therefore, any expositor of the book of Job looks about for some other alternative, he will find it, and therefore upon it builds up the superstructure of his exposition. It must be unsafe and unstable. We admit that Dr. Watson is optimistic in his thought, that he is after a lofty ideal which is dimly suggested in the drama of Job; but he is optimistic because he has abandoned his primary position that evil is curative and healing, and regardless of the justice, in providentially sent or permitted to afflict the individual and faithful soul. The very closing scene of the drama makes incomprehensible any other philosophical basis than that of the positive goodness of God.

LEAVES OF HEALING. Gathered by Katherine Payne Sisson. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

This is not only an appropriate, but a beautiful, title for the compilation of selections here brought together. We do not remember a book of similar character in which the selections are so helpful and comforting, and in which the titles given to the several divisions are so suggestive. There are no less than 130 authors quoted.

THE VACATION CLUB. By Adah J. Todd. New York: Thomas Whitaker. Price, \$1.10.

A few years ago an Agassiz club was formed for the purpose of scientifically exploring hills, fields, etc. This volume is the result of it. It gives lessons in geology, zoology and astronomy in a popular and pleasing style. Young people interested in the study of any of these sciences will find pleasure and profit in reading this book. We recommend it to college students who are now engaged in study, but are on their vacation.

A BOOK OF PRAYER. By Henry Ward Beecher. Boston: Howard & Hubert. New York: Price, \$1.

This volume embraces a selection of prayers by the great American preacher, made by his special stenographer, J. T. Ellinwood. The wonderful simplicity of these prayers will be understood when we say that each of them bears a title.

THE STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD BY COLUMBUS. Compiled from the Latest and Best Authorities. By Frederick Best. Boston: The Boston Library. Thomas Whitaker: 2 and 3 Bible House, New York. Price, \$1.

The publication of this delightful volume is timely, and sure to win a widespread welcome from that large class of readers who, for lack of leisure, prefer a picturesque sketch of the career of Columbus to the more elaborate and discursive histories extant. The work has been carefully compiled. There is a summary of the divergent and conflicting estimates that have been formed of the character of the great Admiral by his most distinguished biographers. The work is well illustrated.

THE POINT EXPRESSION. By Rev. J. F. Cowan. Boston: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. Price, \$1.50.

Boys will be particularly interested in this story, not alone for its semi-religious character, but because of its boyish characteristics. Moreover, the struggles which Norman McNally, the hero, had after the death of his father, in order to earn money, and the ingenious methods he employed to do it, will interest all lads, whether similarly placed or not. We can imagine, too, the rising indignation of boy readers when they learn what a former schoolmate did to annoy and vex Norman.

HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE. By C. De Hurst. New York: Harper & Bros.

Several books on this subject have been written recently, but we do not remember that any of them equal this; we are sure

none of them are superior. It is eminently practical, and the woman who reads and obeys the advice given by this writer, is sure to become a good rider. How and when to begin to ride, the saddle, the position of the hands, how to deal with shyness, stumblers, buckers, etc., how to choose a mount, the dress, how to govern one's self when leaping, riding to hounds, are clearly and plainly told. And the three closing chapters are of value also, though not technically devoted to horseriding, but to the necessity of a knowledge of the stable and driving. There are numerous excellent illustrations.

ROBERT IN BOSTON. By Maria Louise Pool. New York: Harper & Bros.

We do not remember any novel which so inappropriately and unfortunately a title as this. It gives the little idea of what is between the covers. As for the story itself, it is very interesting, and the characters are even more distinct and we have living counterparts as well—as in "Cape Cod Folks." Middle Village, Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, Marthy S., "Borston," Miss Phillips, Kents Bradford, Mrs. Jarvis, and the salesladies, are brilliant portraits and sketches. The heroine, and "sim-balls" (doughnuts) of Middle Village, the boarding-house, the Hudson St., Boston, with its dinner-tickets and "reg'lars," "sea-ants" and "medium," are vivid and clear. There are sarcastic allusions to spiritualism, theosophy, hypnotism, Christian science and other Bostonian "fads," which are deliciously pleasing. Rowen is a fresh, unspiced, delightful heroine.

HELPS AND HINDERANCES. By Emily Huntington Miller. (New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, 20 cents.) Here are five brief and thoughtful papers on "Weights or Wings?" "The Amusement Question." "Leading in Prayer." "Speaking to Education." "Growth in Grace."—RURAL LEGENDS AND LYRICS. By Arthur E. Smith. (New York: John B. Alden.) A collection of verse, very commendable in its smooth rhythm and in the thought.—PRAYERS FROM THE BIBLE. Compiled by M. H. Fleming. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

This is a very complete compilation of what the most famous poets have said concerning prayer. There are nearly 200 pages in the volume.—CATHARTIC LITERARY READER. By George R. Cathart. (New York: American Book Company. Price, \$1.15.) This is a capital manual of English and American literature, and is admirably printed. There are also most excellent portraits of the authors. It is a valuable book to put into the hands of young students of literature.—A KNIGHT THAT SMOTE THE DRAGON. By Edward A. Rand. (New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, 90 cents.) The sub-title of this volume is, "The Young People's Gough." It is a strong and appreciative portrait, for young people, of the great temperance reformer. Mr. Rand has succeeded even better in this than in any other of his writings.—THE MOTHER OF THE KING'S CHILDREN. By J. F. Cowan. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) A book in which the author's purpose is to tell, in a wholesome story, some valuable truths.—INDICATIONS OF THE BOOK OF EXODUS. By Edward B. Litch. (J. B. Lippincott Co.: Philadelphia, Pa.) Upon this book much labor has undoubtedly been expended. There are marks of this everywhere. But the basis of Mr. Litch's discussion is wrong, and his system of interpretation will not stand the test of scholarship or sound hermeneutics. We have remarked so before in regard to this author's previous books. But we do not mean to deny that there is much of valuable suggestion in the volume.—SIMPLE BIBLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. By Frederick A. Laing, F. E. I. S. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.) Beside Old Testament and New Testament lessons, there are about fifty general lessons, on such subjects as "God's Jewels," "The Lamb," "The Lamp," "The Summer," etc. All are written in the simplest and most interesting style, as Dr. Staiker, who has written an introduction, says: "The writer of this book seems to me to have the true gift for the task he has undertaken."—COURTESY MAUD; OR, THE CHANGES OF THE WORLD. By Sarah Holt. (Boston: Bradley & Woodruff.) A long story with a historical basis, going as far back as the 14th century.—MYRA SHERWOOD'S CROSS AND HOW SHE BORE IT. By the author of "The Object of Life," etc. (The Religious Tract Society: London. Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents.) The story of a noble girl developing into a noble woman, who gave herself in teaching some people of simple words and illustrations as children would be taught. We think many preachers would profit by the suggestions here offered.—ABROAD AT HOME. By Morris Phillips. (New York: Brentano's.) In this little volume the traveler and tourist can obtain information about some places frequented by them and others less frequented.—THE NEW ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA. By Charles Davies, LL. D. (New York: American Book Company. Price, 90 cents.) This newly revised edition of Davies' "New Elementary Algebra" is simply excellent. The variety of the equations presented, their careful gradation, and their auxiliary explanations, are points that render this algebra a prime favorite. This edition is finely printed.

highly readable, as are all the volumes in this series.—WINDOWS. By Sarah G. Stock. (Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York. 60 cents.) The sub-title of this helpful volume is, "Gospel Lights for Gospel Subjects." It contains most suggestive illustrations, for sermons, addresses, etc. Clergymen will find it especially useful.—BROWLEAF, AN ANGIO-SAXON EPIQUE POEM. By John Leslie Hall. (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.) This is a scholarly translation from the *Heine-Sachs* text by the professor of English and history in the College of William and Mary.—A TREATISE ON MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS. By Edward N. Darrow. (The W. A. Edwards Printing Co.) An important little brochure on an important practical subject.—SPRATING CROPS. By Clarence M. Weed. (New York: The Rural Publishing Co.) These 108 pages contain information for farmers, telling when, how, and why, to spray their crops.—A GERMAN SCIENCE READER. By J. Howard Gore, B. S., Ph. D. (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 80 cents.) The idea back of this valuable reader is to provide lessons in German reading while at the same time giving valuable information in science. The papers selected are all short and suggestive, as: "What Weight Is," "Dew," "Amber," "The Potato," "Bodily Exercise," etc.—GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN. By Rev. W. H. Munnell. (John Y. Huber Co.: Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.) A book containing twenty odd discourses by a Louisville (Ky.) pastor. The themes embrace such subjects as, "The Woman's Power of Oil," "Samsar's Journey," "The Scarlet Line," "The Hero's Daughter," and "The Wonder Worker." The *Kalendoscope* is a little volume containing eleven stories by various authors, including Margaret Sidney, Emily Huntington Miller, and Pansy. They are children's stories. (Boston: D. Lothrop Co.)—The *Cambridge Tribune* issues THE GOSPELING GUIDE TO HANNOVER, N. H., Sept. 10, 1892. The Western Reserve University sends out a special announcement for 1892-3, calling attention to "The College for Women." Press of Wain & Judson, Cleveland, O.—The Harpers publish the eloquent and scholarly address of George William Curtis on "James Russell Lowell," in its Black and White Series.—WHAT TO DO, a companion to "Don't," is issued by the Appletons. It is written by Mrs. Oliver Bell Bunce.—BAY'S HOME. By Fannie E. Newberry. (Boston: Congressional Sunday school and Publishing Society. \$1.50) A story in which the oldest of seven children, a cripple, is the hero; but the heroine, the loving, faithful mother, is worthy of study as a character to be emulated. It is a fine family story.—BIBLE DIFFICULTIES AND HOW TO MEET THEM. Edited by Frederick A. Atkins. (Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents.) This admirable little volume, ready reprinting. Fifty cents cannot be better expended. The monographs in it on important subjects are strong and suggestive.—MARTY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS. By Elizabeth C. Vincent. (New York: Thomas Whitaker. Price, 25 cents.) An interesting story of the life of Mary drawn from Bible sources.—STEPS TO CHRIST. By Mrs. E. G. White. (Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, 75 cents.) No one, who reads this little volume, will fail to find comfort, help, and strength in it. It is both devotional and spiritual.—OBJECT SERMONS IN OUTLINE. By Rev. C. H. Tyndall. (Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York.) This little volume contains forty-five short sermons of a plain but unique character. They are based upon the Kindergarten system of instruction, teaching some people of simple words and illustrations as children would be taught. We think many preachers would profit by the suggestions here offered.—ABROAD AT HOME. By Morris Phillips. (New York: Brentano's.) In this little volume the traveler and tourist can obtain information about some places frequented by them and others less frequented.—THE NEW ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA. By Charles Davies, LL. D. (New York: American Book Company. Price, 90 cents.) This newly revised edition of Davies' "New Elementary Algebra" is simply excellent. The variety of the equations presented, their careful gradation, and their auxiliary explanations, are points that render this algebra a prime favorite. This edition is finely printed.

Scarborough: "Perils of Moderate Drinking," by Axel Gustafson.

The *Andover Review* for July contains the following: "In Memory of Professor Lewis French Stearns, D. D.," by Prof. Francis B. Denio; "The Ethics of Creed Conformity," by Prof. J. M. Storratt; "The Decline of Fancy," by Rev. Bradley Gilman; "The Philosophy of Individual Social Growth," by Prof. C. M. Moss; "Missions and Civilization," by Rev. C. C. Starbuck; with the usual departments. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Rev. P. S. Merrill, D. D., pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Omaha, Neb., furnishes a sermon for the *June Treasury*. His portrait, a brief biographical sketch of his life, with a view of his church, are also given. Many other good things are in this number. New York: E. B. Treat.

July Land is full of food and helpful reading. Boston: J. Stillman Smith & Co.

The August *Missionary Review* contains the usual amount of missionary intelligence, which all interested in missions ought to know. Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York.

The *Thinker* for July is "a review of world-wide Christian thought" in which are able and scholarly papers on vital topics of great interest. London: James Nesbet & Co., 21 Berners St. W.

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

REV. EDGAR F. CLARK.

THE harm done by the defective statement of truth is often but little less than the false statement of truth. History is filled with the evils of defective statement in science, theology, and practice. Formerly, science reported but four elements—earth, air, fire and water—but this defective statement has been repeatedly changed, and now we meet the demands of a growing knowledge and human necessity. Theology has suffered a like experience. The defective comprehension of Christ and His kingdom among the Jews, and the inadequate idea of religious doctrine among converted Gentiles, wrought serious injury.

Methodism in many of her general features was well formed at birth. Her doctrines posed a breadth that after the lapse of a century seems little less than miraculous. Her catholic large-heartedness in the beginning awakens a profound pleasure and gratitude, for to-day her broad fraternalism scarcely calls for enlargement. Above all, her spirituality in early times needs no supplement.

But her formulation of doctrine, polity, and practices have met, and will continue to meet, with changes, conforming them to the conditions of the age and the higher attainments of reason and knowledge. History is necessary to chronicle the changes in her polity, and the past is but the preface of the future. Change has been the safety-valve of the past. The early severity in dress has met its just despatch. Fasting, music, architecture and ministerial education are only examples of the changes demanded by and introduced into Methodism. Many of these changes have cost irritation, conflict, and injury—evils which might well have been spared had the whole truth been stated at the beginning. Nor can she give herself too early for the great work of remedying the defectiveness in formulated doctrine. The defective statement of depravity, of atonement, regeneration, and entire sanctification, works great evil. We demand that these and other doctrines be presented in their totality, apart from any "private interpretation."

This necessity is well illustrated in the field of modern amusements. It is easy to discover great evils in this field, but clear and full delimitation is yet a desideratum. The silliness of amusement, both for recuperation and pleasure, is signally manifested and concealed, but the principles of principles of amusement demand a radical and rounded statement. Thus, to say that an amusement is sinful because it contains the element of chance, savors of the puerility of medieval times. Surely the "casting of lots" cannot be very sinful when an apostle is numbered into his holy office by that mode of election. Chance is not the element of either sinfulness or sacredness in amusement. Those games that involve chance are sinful for other considerations, but chance is not the sinful element, as chance is related to nearly every kind of business and is almost inseparable from human action.

We confidently believe that our church, as in its notable history in the past, and without compromise of the New Testament standards of Christianity, but in harmony with that larger spirit of individual liberty taught by the Bible, can and should have the satisfaction as to grant a more normal and healthy freedom to its membership in matters of recreation and amusement.

Obituaries.

Fales.—Mrs. Jennie Frances Fales Fales was born in Needham, Mass., June 14, 1835, and died Dec. 20, 1891.

Her parents were long members on the old Needham circuit, and were familiar with many of the historic names of Methodism. The mother was a Stevens, a kinswoman of the great historian of our church, and her father was a member of the church. Her education was given to the religious life of her family. Jennie was led to the Saviour under the ministry of Joseph W. Lewis of precious memory. She gave herself to the church and to Christian work with earnestness and vigor. Her husband, who had been a student and excellent judgment, and she soon came to be in demand where there was work to do. In the Sunday-school she was a bright, clear-headed scholar, eager to understand the lesson fully. When she became a teacher she knew how to manage and to win her pupils as well as to instruct them. She kept her class full.

Her Christian life was equable rather than of a demonstrative type. One always knew where to find her, and could always depend upon her. In times of revival, in a quiet way she often helped some hesitating soul to make the great decision; sometimes to a Sunday-school scholar almost persuaded she spoke an encouraging word that ended in bringing full submission to Christ. Her mind was vigorous in its grasp of truth, she could always see when a good point was made. She was a careful Bible student, and was hardly satisfied to be told the opinion of Barnes or of Whiston in reference to some Scripture passage. She sought Bible proof of Bible doctrine, and was always ready to give a reason for her belief as well as her hope.

She was a steady, true friend; slow, perhaps, in choosing a friend, but the choice once made, it was made for a life-time. Her husband, who became the wife of Mr. W. A. Fales, of Medford, Mass. She had a pleasant home, and she made it bright and happy for a little while. Attacked by a grippe, which ended in pneumonia, death came and transferred her to the world of pain to the world of peace. Just seven months after the departure of her aged mother. Her brief separation has been succeeded by a union that will know no parting. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord! If the church militant is poorer, the church triumphant is richer by the accession of one who had washed her robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Robinson.—Nahum R. Robinson was born in Littlefield, Me., June 5, 1819, and died in

Minneapolis, Minn., March 11, 1892, after an illness of four months.

During the greater part of his life he had been an earnest and active member of the M. E. Church. He was faithful in the discharge of every duty imposed upon him. At the time of his death he was trustee, member of the board of charities, and class-leader in the church to which he belonged. He had been a subscriber of *ZION'S HERALD* since its origin.

Brother Robinson died as he had lived—in faith believing. He leaves a wife, daughter, son, and aged sister. About twenty years ago, with his family, he moved to Minneapolis from Lynn, Mass.

Cromack.—Mrs. Melville Gough Cromack died at London, N. H., April 14, 1892, aged 79 years and 6 months.

Sister Cromack was one of God's elect children, and belonged to the excellent of heaven and earth. She was a woman of rare qualities of mind and heart, faithful in all the walks of life, patient in tribulation, hopeful in disappointment, triumphant in spirit. Wherever she went friends gathered around her, and the place of her dwelling was a joy to all who knew her. Her last years and days were spent in great peace. The gates were open wide at last.

Stevens.—Died, in Haverhill, Mass., April 26, 1892, of scarlet fever, Miss Mary E. Stevens, aged 22 years, 1 month, and 23 days.

Mary, as she was called by her intimate friends, was born in Haverhill, N. H., where she spent most of her short life. She was the second daughter of C. and A. T. Stevens; also the second of three sisters to be taken away by death less than three years, the oldest being left. She came to Haverhill some three years ago, and immediately becoming interested in the church, she gave her services, intimately connected herself with Grace M. E. Church.

She was a most estimable young lady, modest and unassuming, yet endeavoring herself to all who knew her, and her sudden death, after a sickness of only forty-eight hours, was a terrible shock to her family, her Sunday school class, and friends everywhere. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Brady.—Died, June 5, 1892, Mrs. Mary A. Brady, wife of Isaac Brady, of Bristol.

Sister Brady was the daughter of the late Royal and Rebecca Bosworth of this town. She was born Nov. 2, 1839, and was married Aug. 1, 1864.

She found Jesus as her personal Saviour at the age of sixteen, during a revival season under the preaching of Rev. Jonathan Day. Her brother was converted at the same time, and they were baptized and joined the M. E. Church.

Her life, although one of many cares, bringing up a family of seven children, all of whom survive her, was strong in the faith and love of Christ. She was a devoted wife, a loving mother, always giving good counsel to her children, never deviating from the path of righteousness since her conversion.

Although an invalid during the most of her Christian life, she was very patient. Unable to attend worship in God's house, she enjoyed hearing about the means of grace and sermons. In one of her testimonies, given in a class-meeting held at her residence some two years since, after all the others present had spoken, she told us how she had come over for over thirty years and was trying to do His will, and that she expected to be more faithful in our Christian lives. Her life was in accordance with this testimony. Her last testimony for Christ was given a week before she died, and was a beautiful and touching thing of God and our motives in our Christian lives, she said, "This is my motto: 'Let me live the life of the righteous that I may die the death of the saints.'"

Her funeral services were held at her residence, and were attended by Rev. W. J. Smith. The interment was in the West cemetery.

Although we mourn our loss deeply, yet we have the assurance that if we are true to the trust He left us, we shall meet Him again, and of Jesus to reign with Him forevermore.

Millard.—Elery Millard was born into this world in Rehoboth, Mass., Dec. 23, 1815, and was born into immortality, June 20, 1892.

At the age of sixteen he went to Providence, R. I., to learn the mason and builder's trade, in which he became a skillful workman. Whatever he did was well done, and bore the impress of his upright character. One of his fellow-workmen says: "By his death, perhaps, we have lost the one man who, on account of his value as a builder, will be most missed." He was a member of the church, and was a faithful worker in the church. He was a member of the church, and was a faithful worker in the church. He was a member of the church, and was a faithful worker in the church.

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An artificial food for babies should contain every element of nutrition in proper proportion, in order that the growing child may receive nourishment that produces a proper growth of muscle, bone and flesh. Horlick's Malted Milk is such a food; it is made of the best cow's milk combined with wheat and barley, specially prepared and adapted to the needs of the

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Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1892.

[Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass. as second-class matter.]

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DO THE NEXT THING.

There is a deal of genuine philosophy in the old maxim, "Do the next thing." For we shall find, if we study the matter, that duty is really an evolution; its development is progressive. There is an orderly and well-connected chain or series of obligations in the accomplishment of any worthy purpose in life. We do not all at once advance to the performance of the most difficult and important things; we grow, rather, to the capacity of such performance by fulfilling first the smaller and less important duties. There are always a good many "next things" before the supreme thing.

This is a truth which has especial significance for youth, because youth is inclined, in its enthusiasm and desire for progress, to be impatient of the little "next things," of the intermediate steps to the grand result. Youth is sanguine, and always believes itself capable of accomplishing great things, no matter what obstacles intervene. This confident spirit is a source of strength and inspiration, but it is also a source of frequent disappointment and failure. Youth is apt to overlook the progressive nature of duty. It thinks itself equal to the accomplishment of any obligation by one supreme effort. Is there some great evil in the community which ought to be crushed out of existence? Consecrated youth believes its duty to be to take the devil's stronghold by storm; to-day, to-morrow, it shall be done—a grand coup d'état! But that is not God's way of eliminating evil; it must be done step by step. Keep the grand purpose in view; but—do the next thing.

Is there a little bundle of bad habits and personal faults to be broken? Youth determines to be free of all at once, forever. Yes, that is duty, but there are many steps to its accomplishment. You must fight, and fall, and rise, and fight again. You cannot discard the law of moral evolution. Are you down and conquered again? Well, don't give up the fight for that reason. It must be a progressive victory, for you win at all. Up—and do the next thing!

We can become equal to any duty by progressive effort—not otherwise. It is a matter of evolution. Not many of life's victories are accomplished by sortie and charges. It is the steady siege that wins; an outwork taken to-day, a gun captured and spiked to-morrow. So the fight goes on until the enemy yields and yields utterly. In the battle against self and sin there must be some reverses, but there need be no discouragements. Victory is certain if we persevere. Let us not risk all in one effort, but—do the next thing.

THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF GENERAL BOOTH.

As an evangelist of rare gifts and operating a special method for the elevation of the submerged tenth, the leader of the Salvation Army has been recognized as one of the most remarkable men of this generation. Success has disarmed criticism. There is no reasoning against methods which are turning thousands every year from the depths of sin to the heights of holiness. As an evangelist he has demonstrated his capacity and efficiency.

When General Booth proceeded a step further, to colonize the submerged tenth, the case was somewhat different. Many who had hitherto applauded, hesitated and began to doubt or to criticize. The farm colony, the city colony, and the over-sea colony are not evangelistic movements, but in reality new business departures, requiring large capacity for organization and management. Men, like Huxley, might well doubt the fitness of a preacher, and especially of an evangelist, to deal with such hard and matter-of-fact problems. Many wise and good felt that the launching into business must be a mistake.

Since the colonizing plans came into operation, criticisms of the method and management have been abundant. Mr.

Loch, Rev. Llewellyn Davies, Rev. J. W. Horsley, and Rev. I. F. Kitto, all gentlemen of character and standing, have charged him with traveling in first-class style, in saloon and palace cars, in the best cabins in the fleet steamers, in special trains with regal following, and in one case he chartered a special steamer at an expense of \$1,000. They claim that General Booth and his family profit by the large funds entrusted to his care, by salaries, traveling expenses, or perquisites, and in this way they make out a double impeachment against the management of the colonizing fund. They discredit, first, the integrity of the man receiving and controlling these large funds, and, second, the capacity and skill with which the funds are used.

Six gentlemen of standing and position, who wished to know the exact truth about this colonizing feature of the Salvation Army, asked Mr. Arnold White to make a searching examination into its methods and management, especially with reference to these adverse criticisms. He reports, in an article in the July *Fortnightly Review*, specifically and fully. General Booth receives no salary, nor do any of his family save Bramwell Booth, whose organizing capacity would command four times as much as he gets in the Army. Other members of the family receive either nothing or a mere pittance. He does ride in palace cars, for he is an old man and feeble; and as to the steamers, the companies took him free of charge. In the single instance of a special steamer, it was chartered for a great meeting in Melbourne, and a large part of the expense was paid by the fares of those going thither.

As to the funds of the Army, though nominally in the control of General Booth, they all pass through the firm of Knox, Burbridge, Cropper & Co., and no one can draw a shilling without an order, and the whole account is kept by the most scrupulous and competent bookkeepers. The conclusion of Mr. White is that the affairs of the Army are more carefully managed than a savings bank or the London Joint Stock Bank.

The conclusions at which the writer arrives are as follows:—

1. That General Booth and his family are honest to the core.
2. That they barely take enough food to keep body and soul together.
3. That one and all, for the good of others, are working themselves almost to death.
4. That so far from making a good thing out of the Army, they either work for nothing or for a bare pittance.
5. That General Booth himself is an independent man, and has given thousands of pounds to the Army; that two of his sons-in-law have abandoned good positions to work in the Army, and that his son is working for one-twentieth of his cash value.
6. That the funds laid out by General Booth on the Hadleigh Colony have, on the whole, been well and wisely spent, with the exception of four houses, costing in all £1,400, which should be let or sold if the Army is to maintain its high standard of ascetic self-denial.
7. That the capital laid out on the colony is intact, if it has not increased in value.
8. That money is urgently needed in order to fulfill the original program, and that, if supplied by the public, it will be well spent.

DR. HAMILTON'S EXPLANATION.

No one holds that there is any law in the Methodist Episcopal Church, or any usage or precedent, to justify the reference of an interpretation of the constitution to the Annual Conferences for concurrence or confirmation. That is a judicial function which the General Conference alone has exercised, and which may not be delegated without special authorization in the constitution; yet, when the force of an interpretation is considered in connection with the legislation of the church, it is evident that there would be justice and propriety in such an arrangement. If legal provision were made for it, it is reasonable that the power that makes the constitution should be the ultimate authority in determining its meaning. The fact that there is no such law in the church may be one of the imperfections in our economy which has not yet been overcome, because the necessity for it has not been revealed, and perhaps never would have been seen but for the unexampled exigency precipitated by the hasty action of the General Conference in adopting the paper presented by Dr. Hamilton. A supreme judicial authority outside of the legislative body, empowered to decide constitutional questions, would be a valuable addition to an economy which in gradual development has so nearly approached completeness. May it not be that such a tribunal is one of the good things yet to come out of what has every appearance of being a huge blunder?

Whether such a result shall follow or not, it is certain that the unique method of construing the law which is now before the church, is unauthorized by the constitution, unprecedented in history, and incapable of giving satisfaction to an intelligent membership. In discussing it, the matter of first importance is to avoid impugning motives, and to maintain equipoise of mind and the dominance of that charity which thinketh no evil and is not provoked. Next to this in importance is the ascertainment of the exact issue. False issues never contribute to the advancement of truth. In order to bring out the true issue it is necessary to have a clear view of the claims of the respective parties to the controversy. Seldom indeed can the opposer of a measure state the position of an advocate as would the advocate himself; yet it must not be overlooked that the advocate of a measure is as liable to misapprehend and misrepresent the thing he favors as is the one opposing it. It is not safe, therefore, to take the naked assertions of the special advocates of this new measure as expressing its exact

meaning, although it is fair to use them as illustrative of what they desire to accomplish. The document itself is the highest authority in determining what is proposed. Next to that comes the statements of its author or mover; and, fortunately, or otherwise, he has explained his meaning, so that we may understand him, whether we are able to understand his scheme or not. The chief thing in his explanation is that he denies that an interpretation of the Restrictive Rule has been submitted to the Annual Conferences. To do him justice, it must be said that he denies this vehemently, and asserts that such a thing would be unconstitutional and deserve defeat.

Undoubtedly he sees clearly the very thing he asserts, and believes himself justified in his denial. Neither his motive nor his intelligence is impeached; but that prepossessions distort his vision as readily as they do the vision of other men, is simply the truth. While to his mind the law is perfectly clear, it is not unlawful for his peers to see it in a different light; and the same is true with regard to his favorite scheme for determining the meaning and application of the Second Restrictive Rule. There are two questions: The first is, "What was submitted to the Annual Conferences?" The second is, "What was the purpose and intent of the submission?" The full answer to these questions will decide the issue as to whether the meaning of the law is to be decided by the vote of the Annual Conferences.

What was submitted? Plainly, a change in the wording of the Second Restrictive Rule. There is no dispute about that. The proposition is to change it by adding the words, "and said delegates must be male members."

Why was this change submitted? By whom was it sought? For what purpose? It was not to secure the exclusion of women, for they were already excluded, and had been from the beginning, according to the judicial decision of the General Conference of 1888—a decision which this General Conference refused to reverse; for when a proposition to reverse it was moved by Dr. Moore, it was laid on the table, in order to adopt the paper offered by Dr. Hamilton. It was not to alter the meaning of the Rule as officially determined, but to express that meaning more plainly. By whom was this change submitted? Was it by those who wanted it to prevail? No living mortal can be found to affirm that it was. It was submitted by those who did not want it, and for the purpose of defeating it. This, then, is plain: This proposition, whatever its meaning, was voted for and passed by those who did not want the Restrictive Rule changed; who did not intend to support the proposition to change it, but to defeat it; and, therefore, any pretense that it was done in good faith, as a necessary means to a desired end, is as preposterous as the scheme is adroit and unparalleled in legislation. On the face of it there is a purpose to change the law; but behind it, and above and beneath it, there is manifest a different purpose. It was formulated, supported, and pushed through the General Conference by those who avowedly intended its defeat. Its purpose was not to secure the proposed change of the law, but, under the guise of attempting the change, to secure a desired construction of the law as it is, a construction the opposite of any ever before given, and the opposite of the one recommended in the act submitting it to the Annual Conferences. Yet its author and its supporters claim that it is a regular, straightforward proposition to amend the Restrictive Rule, and not to construe the law as it is! Of course they mean it, but are they not deceiving themselves?

Just here, while studying the design of this scheme, Dr. Hamilton's words of explanation will be in place. He answers objections thus:—

1. The critics assert that the plan is an attempt to get women into General Conference. This is squarely denied. So of course it cannot be an attempt 'indirect' or direct.
2. They assert it is unconstitutional because it adopts a measure by 'one-fourth and one' of the members of the Annual Conferences and 'one-third and one' of the General Conference. This is squarely denied. Why repeat it?
3. They assert that the judicial function, which all admit belongs to the General Conference, by the plan adopted is referred or committed to the Annual Conferences. This is as emphatically denied as either of the other statements, and had the mover of the plan assumed such an unconstitutional attitude, the Conference would have been 'justified' in defeating the plan at once.

These blank denials are the only answers given, and the only ones possible. If its purpose is not to get women into the General Conference, and that with-out changing the constitution, some one who understands it will do well to explain this explanation, and tell the real purpose of the plan. If it does not propose to secure a construction of the law by the vote of "one-fourth and one" of the members of the Annual Conferences, another explanation is needed to tell what is to be the effect of the vote of "one-fourth and one" of the members of the Annual Conferences against the proposed amendment. Does not the plan affirm that, in the event of such a vote against the amendment, the law "shall be construed" to admit the women? If the plan does not make the desired construction of the law depend on the vote of the Annual Conferences, why does it say that if the vote is not so and so, "the Restrictive Rule shall be so construed" that the words 'lay delegates' may include men and women? The Doctor will be patient with our obtuseness and give another explanation, unless his weariness in dealing with incapables shall induce him to rest in the exclamation of the ancients, that "the gods are powerless in the presence of stupidity."

It is not doubted that the Conference would have defeated the plan at once if it had seen or understood the "unconstitutional attitude" which was assumed. The Conference intended to refer the question pending to the Annual Conferences in good faith; but the fact that it did not, at the time, see the "unconstitutional attitude" of the paper, does not prove that the "attitude" was not unconstitutional, nor does it in any wise change the nature of the proposition now solemnly found in the paper. Whether it understood what it was doing or not, the fact is that it did in meaning and effect refer the "judicial function" of deciding the meaning and application of the Restrictive Rule to the Annual Conferences, in such way as to make a given construction depend on the vote of the Annual Conferences, a single vote over one-fourth being decisive. The issue is thus seen to be a question of fact.

What did the majority do, and what did they want? They did one thing, and wanted another. They recommended or submitted to the Annual Conferences a change which they did not want, and they wanted a construction of the law which they refused to make, but which they declared a purpose to make on the condition that the Annual Conferences failed to carry out what they proposed and did not want. The word "recommend" is not in the plan, perhaps purposely, but it is in the Rule of the Discipline under which the plan was submitted; and where authority is found for submitting what is not recommended, is a question that will puzzle any one with least astuteness than is displayed in the construction of this plan. Whether its authors so intended or not, the vote to submit the plan is a vote to "recommend" it, or the submission has neither legal nor moral force in it.

The meaning of the law-makers is the law. The mover of the plan quotes the first resolution to prove that the General Conference submitted a veritable change of the law, and not a construction. It submitted a change it did not recommend or did not mean to recommend, and one it did not want. Was it a legal submission? The fact is conceded that the first resolution proposed a change in the law. No one appeals to that resolution to prove that it submitted a construction. The proof that it referred the judicial function of construing the law to the Annual Conferences, is found in the fifth resolution, and not in the first. If that does not make the proposed construction of the law depend on the vote of the members of the Annual Conferences, it is destitute of meaning, and utterly misleading. Let it be read again, according to the words, "the Second Restrictive Rule shall be so construed":—

5. That if the amendment so submitted does not receive the votes of three-fourths of the members of the Annual Conferences and two-thirds of the General Conference, the Second Restrictive Rule shall be so construed that the words 'lay delegates' may include men and women, and thus be in harmony with the legislation of the previous General Conferences.

What means this "if"? Wherein is the conditionality of this construction? If it does not depend on the vote of the Annual Conferences, what does it depend on? Is it said it depends on the concurrent vote of the Annual and General Conferences? How is it to reach the next General Conference if it fails to receive three-fourths of the votes in the Annual Conferences? Or what effect would the constitutional vote of the General Conference have in the absence of the three-fourths vote in the Annual Conferences? There is absolutely no escape from the assertion that the "construction" is conditioned on the vote in the Annual Conferences. In further proof the words of the distinguished author and expounder of the plan shall do good service:—

"The case ought to be debated on the ground of this clearly-defined difference, and there should be no resort to misleading statements or exhibitions of anger or violence. A little clear thinking put in simple English Saxon will suffice to start the disputants along the parallel they may and can exactly run. First, one party claims that the Restrictive Rule, as it now is, excludes women and includes men only. Second, the other party claims that the Restrictive Rule as it now is includes men and women. Let us stay by these facts, and we shall save each other from much crimination and recrimination."

Exactly so. Let us stay by the facts. Here are two constructions, each supposed to be contending for final approval. The author and supporters of the plan want the last construction. That is their objective point in all they submit, and they confess it; and in order to secure it they propose a vote in the Annual Conferences for a thing they do not want, and which they do not believe can be carried, and make their desired construction depend on the failure of that vote. If this does not make the vote in the Annual Conferences the determining factor in the construction of the law, it is because the chief function of language is to conceal ideas.

The Doctor makes further explanation of the purpose of the plan and its meaning, declaring that it "was a concession in good faith to the persons who wanted to go through the constitutional process again, but no attempt on the part of the majority to get anything they did not already have." They "did not already have" the amendment to the Restrictive Rule, in the words proposed in the plan, and therefore there was no attempt on the part of the majority to get that; they did not want it, but, through the guise of voting for it, they aimed to get the construction they wanted, and which they claimed was theirs de jure, although the General Conference had decided against them de facto. What is this profession of concession and good faith other than a confession of unconscious insincerity in submitting to the Annual Con-

ferences a change which they did not want?

Where are "the persons who wanted to go through the constitutional process again?" There were three persons, but they were not those opposed to the admission of women. All such preferred doing nothing. The persons alluded to are those who favor the admission of women in a lawful way, by constitutional process, on a square proposition to amend the Restrictive Rule, as proposed in 1888. Among them are such men as the late editor of the *Methodist Review*, the editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, and a host of others, all heartily in favor of the admission of women, and ready to advocate the cause on any lawful basis. They would have supported the paper offered by Dr. Potts, which was so unceremoniously pushed aside, or any other fair proposition to provide for the "constitutional process," which they wanted not for amusement, but because they believed it necessary, and the only lawful and honorable way to compass the end. They want the women in, but want them to enter the front door, and to have a better title than a majority vote can give them, and something better to sit upon than an ambiguity. They scorn ignoble means as they do ignoble ends. If the plan adopted was a "concession" to them, it is one they spurn indignantly as unworthy the men who made it, and the women they seek to honor.

"Calm, unperturbed in error's night, They stand for truth and know they're right."

The Office of the Teacher.

The educators at Saratoga, the other day, attempted to set forth the ideal teacher—a task often attempted, but never fully performed. The ideal teacher is the one able both to inspire and guide the pupil. He is not always the most learned. With ample knowledge of books and of the ideas of men, he may be dull and humdrum, following outworn methods and performing his work in a perfunctory manner. The true teacher is fresh, vital, vivacious and sympathetic. Enthusiastic himself, he communicates something of his own enthusiasm to the pupil. The natural curiosity of the child is cultivated and utilized, and by means of this clue he is conducted into the heart of all human knowledge. The first need in education is inspiration. The soul of the teacher must have contact with the mind of the child, and like the bones of the prophet, be able to rouse and vitalize what it touches.

Of course such a teacher cannot be manufactured to order. His furnishing is partly a birth gift, a sympathy with other minds and a facility in facing situations, and partly the result of mental activities. The best education requires spontaneity. To put the mind in leading strings is to retain it in perpetual childhood. There may be too much training, which would prove a hamper to the free exercise of the mental powers. All true education is self-education. The mind must master itself, and be held by somebody's hand to be dwarfed. The true teacher is not a master, but a guide, a sympathetic helper, standing at the corners of the way to indicate the true path to be chosen and to cheer on the pupil in the upward path. The ideal teacher is invaluable, for he usually turns the ideal pupil. The man who spoke the inspiring, the germinal word to Adam Clarke was worth a regiment of the staid pedagogues he had hitherto been under. His qualifications were not all bookish; he sympathized with a mind struggling to rise, and there found his best leverage.

Southern Populations.

Sectionalism is both a necessity and an evil, according to the sense in which the term is used. North and South, East and West, the Middle States, New England, the Pacific Coast, are all sectional, and properly so. It is a matter of convenience and advantage thus to sub-divide the whole country and to consider it in its several parts. Each section has its local peculiarities, its special history, its unique conditions. But the sectionalism that is objected to is provincial rather than American. It is narrow, divisive, hostile to or unsympathetic with other sections of our country.

We wish to consider the Southern populations chiefly from the standpoint of fact and truth concerning their present conditions. The census returns enable us to do this. The whites predominate except in three States—Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Carolina. The presence of the negroes and the fear of intolerance keep immigrants from the South, except a minimum of Northern Americans. Foreigners centralize north of Mason and Dixon's line. There are only 45,041 foreigners in the four States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, whose total population is 4,392,830, or one foreigner to every 109 natives. Between 1880 and 1890 the foreign-born population of North Carolina decreased 1.07 per cent., and of South Carolina 18.42 per cent. Georgia increased its foreign-born population 14.89 per cent., yet the numerical increase was only 1,573. Florida increased the similar population 131.43 per cent., yet its numerical increase was only 13,023. Key West is its only city in which the foreign-born is any considerable part of the population.

A totally erroneous impression was made by the census of 1890 concerning the increase of the colored people. They were credited with a greater increase than the whites throughout the entire South. That impression is yet to be corrected in the popular mind. In the last decade they have only increased 5.64 per cent. in North Carolina, 14.01 in South Carolina, and 18.44 per cent. in Georgia. In Florida they have increased 31.20 per cent., yet the white population there has increased 37.74 per cent. Their susceptibility to certain diseases is greater than that of the whites. Their self-care and their sanitary conditions are inferior. Hence the colored death rate is larger than the white.

Not only are Southern cities increasing rapidly, as cities are increasing all over the globe, but the colored portion of those cities is rapidly increasing. The colored percentages for the census of 1890 vary from 31.47 per cent. in Key West, Florida, to 38.46 per cent. in Winston, North Carolina. One unique fact, which we do not remember to have seen noticed heretofore, is that the female sex among the colored people is dominant in the cities. Whether it is dominant among the colored people, as white females are dominant in Massachusetts, we do not know. But there are 18 cities of 5,000 or more inhabitants in the four States, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, and the females exceed the males in every one of those cities. The total of females exceeds the

total of males by 15,113. The questions of marriage, of the vices of unscrupulous bachelorhood and maidenhood, of so-called superfluous women, emerge from this class of facts, and there are no more important questions, because they all relate to social purity in family and single life.

In North Carolina 31.91 per cent. of the males of voting age are colored; in South Carolina 36.43 per cent.; in Georgia 44.97 per cent.; and in Florida 60.63 per cent. Inasmuch as the white vote gravitates so absolutely to one political party and the colored vote to another, the seeming injustice to the colored people of an unfair vote and count is confined to three Southern States and to a few of the cities in other Southern States. The statement of the acknowledged facts is the formulation of the problem of political righteousness and equity.

The Southern people, white and black, are pre-eminently in need of an enthusiastic public spirit, which shall generate the civic and municipal senses, maintain a pure suffrage, promote all branches of education, and accept the fact that each race can help or hinder the other according to its own temper. Cheap labor is not needed by importation. It is at hand. The plain, common virtues, such as industry, sobriety, economy, self-control, are demanded. The vices which are opposed to these virtues are reproaches to any people. We are saying no more than might be said with propriety, and without offense, concerning other sections of the Union. The need of saying it concerning different sections is due to the fact that inferior populations are among us in cities, States and sections. The problems presented are opportunities for doing something grand and permanent in the interest of bastarding and universalizing the kingdom of God.

PERSONALS.

—Bishop Taylor and Prof. S. F. Upham called at this office on Monday last.

—Rev. L. D. Bragg is taking an advanced course in physics at Harvard Summer School.

—On Epworth League day at Chautauque, Rev. W. P. Odell made the first address.

—President L. M. Dutton and wife, of Chautauque University, are spending some days at Chautauque.

—Rev. J. D. Pickles and family are securing much-needed rest and change for a month at East Boothbay, Me.

—Rev. C. H. Payne, D. D., has been visiting North Dighton, his native place, preaching there and at the First Church, Taunton.

—Rev. J. M. Driver, pastor of Simpson Church, Fort Wayne, Ind., has been transferred to Omaha, Neb., and stationed at First Church.

—Dr. J. T. Edwards, now a member of the New York State Senate, has resigned his position as principal of Chamberlain Institute, at Randolph, N. Y.

—At the close of Bishop Taylor's missionary sermon at the Douglas camp-meeting, his hearers made a generous contribution to his work in Africa, amounting to \$621.

—We are saddened to read that Mrs. Dr. J. W. Mendenhall, in addition to the death of her husband, has been bereaved of mother and father within a short time.

—The *Journal of Education* for July 14 has an instructive and interesting contribution from the pen of Everett O. Fish, on "The Development of the Teachers' Agency."

—The *Voice*, in its issue of July 2, publishes entire the great speech of John G. Woolley, delivered at Prohibition Park on Independence Day upon present temperance problems.

—Rev. Dr. Reuben Thomas, of Brookline, is to supply Dr. Parker's pulpit in London during August and a part of September. Dr. Parker recently held his one-thousandth Thursday noon service.

—We are pained to notice the death of Dr. David T. P. Chamberlain, of Dover, N. H. As pastor of St. John's Church in that city, a few years ago, we became pleasantly acquainted with him as a constant and intelligent hearer.

—Bishop Andrews, with his wife and daughter, spent Sunday, the 17th inst., at Jefferson, N. H. The Bishop preached in Rev. W. A. Loyne's pulpit, greatly to the gratification of the large audience that gathered to hear him.

—Rev. Charles O. Kepler and wife, recently appointed to mission work in North China, leave the present week for Vancouver, from which point they will sail early in September on the steamer "China." His address for the present will be Peking.

—The *Northern Statesman* says: "Rev. K. Masuka, who recently graduated from Du Paux University, accompanies Bishop Mallien to Japan, and will enter mission work. He is the sixteenth preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church who has come from the Hiroaki Church."

—Dr. William Butler has been stopping some weeks with his daughter, Mrs. Thurber, in Providence, and is somewhat recuperated in health, but has not felt strong enough to make the visit to Ocean Grove as he intended. He will return to his home in Newton Centre at an early date.

—Dr. J. B. Cranfill, candidate for vice-president on the Prohibition ticket, was one of the most notable men among the five thousand delegates to the Baptist Young People's Union in Detroit last week. He presided over some of the sessions, and was first vice-president for the coming year.

—Bishop Foss has transferred Rev. Konrad R. Hartwig, of the Swedish Mission in Philadelphia, to the New England Conference, and appointed him to mission work in Rockport, Mass. He has also transferred Rev. F. O. B. Wallin to the Philadelphia Conference, and appointed him as successor of Mr. Hartwig.

—We are pained to note that Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff recently suffered a stroke of paralysis, affecting his right side. The attack was brought on by overwork. We are assured that he is doing well, and that there is no immediate danger. Dr. Schaff is a prince among Biblical scholars and writers, and it is most earnestly hoped that his very important work may be continued for many years.

—It is stated that the late Rose Terry Cooke, with all her reputation and unique success as a writer of short stories and as a painter of New England life and character, was not able to earn much more than pin-money by her contributions to magazines and leading newspapers. This fact is rather poor encouragement to the multitude of young writers who look for large financial returns from their literary efforts.

—The religious and especially the Methodist public are never weary of reading and hearing about "Father Taylor." Our readers will find upon our first page this week a very life-like presentation of this unique man. Few men live who knew Father Taylor so intimately as did Dr. Trafton. Walking the streets of our city with the writer a few days ago, he pointed out the church and parsonage of the sailor preacher.

—At a reception in St. Petersburg in honor of the "Lao," and her cargo of food, a presentation was made of an address, "To the Christian Herald," represented by Dr. Talmage, its editor, and Dr. Klopfers, its proprietor, by the City of St. Petersburg, 1892. Afterward the crowd in the street seized Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopfers, and carried them to their hotel on their shoulders.

—Rev. S. L. Gracey, D. D., writing to the *Northern from Poochong, China*, May 31, says: "We are living in a perpetual Turkish bath; weather hot, wet, muggy; mold gathers on shoes, photos in tin boxes; carpets moldy, mattresses damp, pillows mildewy; no sunshine for weeks; rain, rain, rain; hot, hotter, hottest; snakes in the garden, eels in the house; scorpions and lizards on walls, white ants—well, you know how it is year-end."

—On Monday, the 18th inst., Rev. D. B. Randall, D. D., reached his 85th birthday. He is spending the summer at his cottage at Old Orchard. On his birthday a large number of friends from Congress St. Church, Portland, visited him, bringing with them as an expression of their love for him a handsome easy-chair. Rev. G. D. Lindsey, his pastor, presented the gift in a happy speech, and though Dr. Randall was taken by surprise, he made a fitting and grateful response.

—The following note, bearing such sad intelligence, was received last week from the bereaved husband, after our paper had gone to press:—

"Annie A., wife of Rev. Charles N. Hinchey, died in North Boston, July 10. Mrs. Hinchey had been sick about five weeks, but we cherished hope of her recovery till 1 p. m. of the morning of her death. She died when I found her unconscious, in which state she remained till her death, at 5.25 p. m. She died from hemorrhage of the brain."

—The *Union Signal* says: "It is but just to Miss Frances E. Willard that she is not as active in platform work as she has been for the last twenty years." The explanation made is that Miss Willard's mother, now nearly 88 years old, is "a greatly prostrated and wholly without appetite or physical tone," and Miss Willard, her only surviving child, does not consider it safe to be absent from home for any but a very short period of time.

—Carl Bailey Hurst, a son of Bishop Hurst, is appointed United States Consul to Catania. He was educated partly in this country and partly in Germany, and has for some years been engaged in literary pursuits in New York city, as a member of the staff of Harper & Brothers, and as a contributor to various periodicals. He has already made the life and literature of Sicily a subject of special study, and has written thereon, and his appointment to Catania will doubtless afford him opportunity for further work in that direction. Bishop Hurst has a very interesting article in *Harper's Monthly* for August upon "The Salsburger Exiles in Georgia."

—We are happy to make place for the following work concerning our senior Bishop, which we find in the *Central Christian Advocate*:—

"Bishop Bowman, who attained his seventy-fifth birthday on Friday of last week, never seemed to be in better mental and physical condition for effective work in the episcopacy than he is at the present time. His Sabbaths are constantly occupied with dedications and re-openings, and he is abundant in other labors; but he has his special work with so much ease, and with such little friction, that he does not appear to over-tax his powers."

—Mrs. Mary A. Hobbs, in her 85th year, died in this city on the 16th inst. She was of Huguenot descent, and her paternal grandfather, William Dineen, was one of John Wesley's coadjutors. Her father, who died in early life, was a member of the Methodist Church in Methodist Alley, Boston, and she was baptized there when she was six years of age, and must have been among the last to pass away who sustained any relation to that historic church. Though not a Methodist, she was always interested in the prosperity of Boston Methodism, and a few years since presented to the Methodist Historical Society a portrait of her Grandfather Dineen. She was a woman of marked ability, and devoted much of her time to works of charity down to the last year of her life. She was an original member of both the Boston Samaritan Society and the Ladies' Physiological Institute.

—Rev. H. G. Buckingham, of Millbury, under date of July 23, sends this sad intelligence:—

"The shadow of death has fallen upon our dear home to-day, and left us in the anguish of

date, to Bay View, Me.
Mrs. E. MANSON,
Proprietor.
A. C. MANSON, Manager.

The Epworth League.

New England District.

MOTTOES.

Look Up. Lift Up.

"I desire a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Jesus Christ."—John Wesley.

"We live to make our church a power in the land, while we live to love every other church that exalts our Christ."—Bishop Simpson.

ORIGIN OF EPWORTH LEAGUE.

MRS. E. A. HAWKINS.

A worthy old lady, of Wesleyan fame, had daughters and sons not a few. But often she really was puzzled to know just what to allow them to do. They were full of activity, vigor and life. They were constantly stirring around. And sometimes, when things were too quiet at home, they might at the neighbors be found.

It was easier far for their mother to say, "What they should do," than what they should do. She reminded them often they shouldn't be heard, and, if possible, keep out of view. And though with hard work she was always over-taxed, to accept of their help she never would. But was always exhorting them (these are the facts) to sit down, and keep still, and be good.

Was it strange that the Christian Endeavors, their friends, who lived only just over the way, should be an attraction so potent and strong? That they often went over, to stay? The Endeavors, like bees, from morning till night assisted their mother with work. Their faces were happy, their young hearts were light. Because they were not trained to shirk.

The Wesleyan mother observed, with dismay, this tendency, growing to rosin. So she sat down and thought out an excellent way to keep her young transients at home. She organized them into Epworth League bands. Each one was allotted a task. Of work so delightful to heart and to hands, that she anchored them safely at last.

Now, mother and children in harmony live, Each lending the other a hand. The children so proud of their mother and home, The mother so proud of her band. They scarce can find time for a call or a chat With their neighbors just over the way, And the time flies on wings, and is always too short For the work they are doing each day.

They "look up" the perishing, "lift up" the weak, While "leading to all a kind hand." They are ready to lend their Master to speak, For the right they are valiant to stand. They are gaining in wisdom, in knowledge and truth, They are growing in grace every day; They have laid on the altar their freshness and youth, And are bearing rich blessings away.

Providence, R. I.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Patience, humility, and utter forgetfulness of self, are the true royal qualities.—Thomas Hughes.

Beauty of roses—the lily, sweet light, Splendor of roses, rearing up the blue height, Smell of the blueberry, balsam of pine, Bliss of the brook, and the capture of mine! Tell me not all, now their heyday is here, Heart of the summer is heart of the year? —Mrs. Whitney.

Trust Him implicitly, submit to Him cheerfully, and you will find that all shall be well; that more grace will be given you; that the heavier the trial the larger will be the blessed measure of the strength. The Shepherd is leading you in the right way to His own blessed fold. Leave it all to Him.—Alexander McKenzie.

The atmosphere of a house is what makes it homelike. Every living creature has an atmosphere of his own. He can be as chilly and damp and disagreeable as a March wind; he can be as bright, cheerful, and charming as a June morning; he can be as dark and impenetrable as a November fog, or as crisp and electric as a day in December. It depends entirely on ourselves whether we are ugly, cross, tyrannical, fretful, sagging, sulky, or unbecomingly kind, sweet, and tender, thoughtful, cheery, sweet, and whole some.—Selected.

And having strewn the violets, rear the corn, And having reaped and garnered, bring the plough. And draw new furrows 'neath the healthy morn, And plant the great Hereafter in this Now. —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

To the thoughtful mind the lily-blossom is "a life in the great, unbroken portal of death, through which we may obtain bright glimpses of what is beyond. It opens in all its snowy purity and exquisite grace from the dry, withered stem, as the transfigured immortal life bursts from the temporary imprisonment of death. And if the death of the plant should thus blossom into undreamed-of beauty, what infinite possibilities better than our brightest hopes are held by that darkness which bounds our vision here! He who raises up the lily every summer, can from its own root in the mold, will not leave our life in the dust."—Hugh MacMillan.

In Christ I feel the heart of God, Thrilling from heaven through earth; Life stirs again within the clod, Renewed in beauteous birth. The soul springs up, a flower or prayer, Breathing His breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God; From His pure light reached down, By blessed ways before untrod, To lift us to our crown; Victory that only perfect is, Through loving sacrifice, like His. Holding His hand, my steady feet May walk the air, the seas; On life and death His smile falls sweet— Lights up all mysteries, Stranger not exile can I be In new worlds where He leadeth me. —Lucy Larcom.

How heavy the heart is at night after a day of little vexations, little troubles, when things have, to use a common phrase, "gone wrong with us." There has been no great sin committed. To the eye of the ordinary observer all has been smooth; we have borne a fair and Christian deportment to the outer world, but our heart knows its own bitterness. A small provocation—it may be a sharp word, a mortifying accusation, or a sad disappointment—has ruffled our spirit, and we have had bitter thoughts, spoken unwisely with our lips, neglected little duties, and set a feeble example. Conscience has reproved us at the moment, but we have set it aside until a more convenient season; and now at night, when all is hushed—when the rush and bustle of the world is over—it makes itself heard, and we have a sense of failure, a feeling of self-accusation, a loss of self-respect. Oh! at this time, what a relief it is to pray, and, in the words of the beautiful hymn,

"If there be a weight upon our breast, Some vague impression of the day foregone, Scarce knowing what it is, we fly to Thee, And lay it down." —Earnest Thoughts for Every Day.

It is never so hard to do duty when we come up to it, as it seemed to be when we looked at it from a distance; and God's help always proves to us of more value than we anticipated. Let us learn, therefore, to go forward without faltering. The truest hero is he who is afraid of nothing but disobeying God, and he is always and everywhere a coward who fears to do what he knows to be right. Take these principles and act upon them, trusting in Christ and depending on His grace, and thereby you shall acquire and maintain a character that shall be known and read of all men, as that of "a good man." Put God into these lines, as I have no doubt their author did, for He is their true and necessary background, and you may condense what I have said into these weighty sentences of Tennyson:—

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, These three alone lead life to sovereignty. Yet not for power (power of herself) Would come untaught, but to live by law, Acting the law we live by without fear; And because right is right, to follow right, Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence." —WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D. D., in "Good Character."

"Giving up" implies a conflict of wills. Say rather giving—such a full, glad, complete surrender of yourself, soul, body and spirit, that there can be no giving up, because no conflict between you, but perfect harmony of desire, since your Father seeks only your good, and you seek only to know His wishes. You need not spend your life in a constant weighing of duties, and struggling against desires to disobey. This is a hard life, the life, not of a child, but of a servant. Walk with your Father, and you will know you are in the right way; if you have any doubts about His wishes, ask Him; He will tell you. But do not expect your whole nature to be changed so that you may have with the experience of youth the results of a lifetime of discipline. Many a young Christian has been thrown into perplexity because he still found delight in the innocent pleasures of life, and entered with more zest into the merry conversation of his mates than into the lamentations of aged sages over the trials and mistakes of a life-time. "Pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks." A heart that constantly turns heavenward for guidance, and utters its silent praying for every good, will not be seriously burdened by doubts, or oppressed by a sense of condemnation. —Emily Huntington Miller.

THE HOME GIRL.

JULIA S. LAWRENCE.

"NELLIE! Nellie!" called Mr. Benson from his carriage. Nellie Austin, walking up street with her friend, Mrs. Monroe, was too much interested in what that lady was saying to notice passers-by, and turned in surprise at hearing her own name spoken.

"Oh, it is really you, Uncle Fred?" she asked, going to the side of the carriage. "It certainly is. I am ordered out for a drive this morning, and told your mother I'd pick you up on the way; so jump in, please, and accept my excuses as an apology for my lack of gallantry in not assisting you."

Nellie obeyed with alacrity, delighted, as all girls are, at the prospect of a ride. "Where are you going?" she asked, as he tucked the afghan about her.

"Round by the Dells, unless you prefer some other route."

"No, that is just lovely. But would you mind driving home first? It won't take but a minute. Mother sent me on some errands this morning, and she may want these articles before we get back."

Without a word Mr. Benson turned his horse about. Had he spoken his thoughts, they would have been something like this: "That's just like her, thoughtful girl that she is, always looking out for others' comfort before taking her own pleasure."

Once again on the street, he gave his pony the reins and they sped rapidly along, soon leaving the noisy little manufacturing town far in the rear. Then he drove more leisurely, pausing often in some spot where Nature seemed more lavish of her beauties, or where a fine view of the distant mountains was obtainable.

It was a beautiful morning in May. The air was pure and exhilarating, the birds sang sweetly, and yet, in spite of Nellie's bravest efforts to the contrary, the cloud her uncle had noticed when he called her from the street, did not leave her face. He hoped she would give him her confidence in time, and waited. He had grown very fond of this fair young niece in the few weeks he had been an inmate of his sister's home, kept there by injuries received in a railroad accident; while she, on her part, had found in him a sympathizing friend and counselor.

They were rapidly nearing home, though, before she spoke.

"Uncle Fred," she said at length, with a scarcely perceptible sigh, "I am not envious one bit, but it must be nice to be able to do things—and to do them."

"It certainly is. I am very glad to be able to ride out this fine morning, for instance."

"I don't know those things. I mean—well—Mrs. Monroe told me this morning that Esther Milburn goes down and plays the organ for the Reform Club meetings every Sunday afternoon."

"That is nice; but is it more than her duty?"

"Oh! you don't know what it means for her to do that," said Nellie warmly. "Before she was converted she wouldn't play for any but her most intimate friends; she used to say she was not a man with a hand-organ to play for every one who asked or who tossed her a penny. But since she was converted she has played several times in prayer-meeting when the organist was not there. She was obliged to offer her services the first time, though, as no one dared ask her. Besides, she always sings now, and that is such a help."

"And you wish you could sing and play too—or, rather, as well as Miss Milburn?"

"No, not exactly that, but I wish there was something I could do. Jennie Hall has taken a class in Sabbath-school—the worst class there is, one that no one ever wanted. I suppose—this time the sign was audible in spite of herself—"I suppose the Lord knows I've no talents, so He does not give me anything to do."

They had reached home by this time, and before Uncle Fred could answer, Nellie had sprung from the carriage and was assisting him with her strong young arms; and, handing him his crutch, she playfully ordered him to his room for a nap before dinner. "Talents!" thought Mr. Benson, as he settled himself for the needed rest. "There is a diversity of gifts, but the same spirit; and who shall dare rank one above another?"

The Austin family was a busy one; and the father and mother were diligent people, and

the children were early taught habits of industry and to have a care for each other. Nellie was the eldest of six children, and upon her shoulders there naturally fell more care than girls of her age are expected to carry; but she had such a bright, happy way of putting herself in the background where others' comfort or pleasure was concerned, that parents and children alike often demanded more of her than was really necessary.

The night after her ride with her uncle, Nellie had helped her mother with the usual evening cares, and had seated herself with a new book for an hour's pleasure, when a curious sound, something between a sigh and groan, came to her ears. Glancing across the table, she saw Howard scowling over book and slate.

"What is it?" she asked, going around to look over his shoulder.

"It's this horrid discount," giving his book a savage punch. "Professor doesn't want me should have any assistance outside the class, but how he expects a fellow to do all those examples when he doesn't understand them, is more than I know. I can't see why, if a note is worth a hundred dollars at one time, it isn't worth a hundred six months from that time, excepting the interest of course."

"That's it, exactly," said Nellie; and taking her father and a well-known business man by way of illustration, she drew an imaginary case of discount.

"Oh, I see! I see!" cried Howard. "Why couldn't Professor have explained it like that? I believe, I do believe, I can do all those fellows now. You are a brick, Nellie!"

And he fell to work with a will. Fully satisfied with this for thanks, she was returning to her easy-chair and book when her father called her from the opposite side of the room.

"Nellie, come here a minute, please! Won't you just look over these accounts for me? There is a mistake somewhere, and my head aches so I can't find it. Wells is sick again this week, you see, and I'm trying to do his work and my own too."

Nellie pulled the book toward her, and her father leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes with a sigh of relief. He was fond of boasting of Nellie's quickness at figures, and felt perfectly confident that all would be made right now.

Ten, twenty and thirty minutes passed, and Uncle Fred from his sofa watched alternately the clock and the bright head bent over the long accounts.

"Here it is!" she said at length, "in almost the last entry. I'll correct it here, and that will make a difference in this column, and that will bring it all right. Now, Popsey dear, let me put these troublesome books away for to-night, and you go over and visit with Uncle Fred; he is waiting patiently for some company."

Once more Nellie was free to read, but this time she found her mother established in her place with the mending-basket by her side. Nellie paused irresolutely, and gazed earnestly down into the very depths of the basket. She intensely disliked darning, yet she well knew her mother would sit up till all was done. But there was the book she wanted to read!

"Love seeketh not its own." That had been her verse for the day, and it came back to her now like the echo of a song. It gave the needed impulse, and in less time than it takes to tell all this, she had procured needle, thread and scissors, and had drawn a low chair to her mother's side.

"Oh, you needn't do this, Nellie!" remonstrated her mother. "I'll get through with it some time."

"Two can do it in less than some time, then," chirped Nellie, seizing the first article she could reach. "Dear dear! how chubby does wear out her stockings!" she continued, as her fingers protruded through a hole in the heel. "Look at that. It is more than a gap, it is a chasm."

"Bridge it," interposed Howard laconically. He had finished his examples, and, feeling very happy over it, was anxious to make himself as agreeable as possible.

"So I will," returned Nellie. "It will need to be a rope-bridge, though."

"Or a draw-bridge," suggested Howard. "It better be an iron one to wear any time," said their mother.

And so they chatted gayly till both father and uncle were drawn into the circle, and in an incredibly short time the basket was emptied.

It was too late to read now, and Nellie put away her book; not, however, without a little sigh of regret.

"Come in here a minute," called Uncle Fred, as a little later, she passed his room on her way to her own.

Nellie pushed open the door that had purposely been left ajar. Uncle Fred sat by the window in the full moonlight. He held out his hand to her, and she nestled by his side.

"I mustn't keep you long, or you will lose your beauty sleep; but how is it about the talents? Do you still mourn because you cannot play and sing, teach a Sabbath-school class, or do some wonderful thing?"

"I don't know," said Nellie slowly. "I wish there was something that I could do. I'd like to do some work for the Master."

"Is it nothing to help the tired father and mother, and to be teacher and very best friend to the little ones?"

"Oh! I love them so, I want to do that! Besides, that is so little."

"But does the Master ever reject the little services? Small sacrifices and small efforts, in His name, are as acceptable as great ones, and often require more grace and courage. Still, I consider it no small thing to make sunshine in the home and to set an example of love and patience before the younger brothers and sisters. Blessings on those dear girls whom the Lord calls to active service in the public part of His vineyard; but no less, I say, blessings on the dear home girl who keeps the hearthstone bright!"

And so say we all.

"WE WEIGH OURS."

"HAVE you a good-sized League in your church?" was asked of a preacher-caller the other day.

"One of the largest I know of," was the reply.

"How many members?"

"Twenty," was the answer.

He saw our look of surprise, and hastened to say: "We don't count our members; we weigh them."

We saw the point. Do you?—Epworth Herald.

A FEW GEOGRAPHICAL DON'TS.

DON'T say or write Austro-Hungary. The best writers prefer Austria-Hungary. Don't call the Chinese "Mongolians." It is better to reserve the latter name for the people who live north of China proper.

Don't speak of a native of China as a Chinaman. You would not say that you had an Irishman digging in your garden. It is better to call him a Chinese.

Don't, please don't, say that New York city is located on Manhattan Island. Such a misuse of the verb "to locate" is trying to the nerves of the best lexicographers. Say New York city is situated on Manhattan Island.

Don't speak of China as our antipodes. Our antipodes is the point on the other side of the world reached by a straight line passing through the place on which we stand and the centre of the earth. Our antipodes is the ocean southwest of Australia.

Don't forget that Oriental names ending in "an" have the accent almost invariably on the last syllable, as Teheran, Beloochistan.

Don't imagine that the spelling of geographical names in the newspapers is necessarily accurate. It is safe to say that one-half of the place-names in Africa and Asia, as they appear in our daily press, are mangled almost beyond recognition by the cable or the types.

Don't call Bermuda "a North American island," as a writer in a newspaper did the other day. There are plenty of North American islands, but Bermuda is not one of them. It is an oceanic, not a continental island.

Don't say that the compass points the true north, for it doesn't except in certain places. The compass points to the magnetic north, which is at present considerably west of the North Pole. When Lieutenant Greeley was at Lady Franklin Bay the declination of his needle was found to be very great, the needle pointing toward the magnetic pole in a direction nearly southwest.

Don't make the mistake some people do of thinking of the word "alluvium" to be synonymous with "soil." Only those soils which are the result of the deposition of sediment by running water can properly be called alluvial soils.

Don't say the "Smithsonian Institute." The name is the Smithsonian Institution.

When you are writing a novel don't get your geographical facts so badly mixed as to reflect discredit on your early training. In one of the popular novels of the day the Azores are referred to as in a southern latitude. The writer also introduces his hero into the Antarctic regions in January, and speaks of the "inky blackness" of the nights he experienced there. Of course anybody ought to know that the month of January is the height of the Antarctic summer, and the entire month is one continuous day. —Goldsmith's Geographical Magazine.

LEAGUE PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS FOR AUGUST.

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, A. M.

August 7.—Jesus Only. "The Footsteps of Jesus." Acts 10:38; 1 Pet. 2:21.

In a literal footsteps there may be much information. The Arab, versed in the study, can determine whether a footprint is made by one of his own tribe or by one of another. From the lightness or depth of the impression he can conclude whether the man was loaded or not; also whether the track was that of the present or previous day. From the regularity of intervals between the steps the Bedouin judges of the passer's degree of weariness, and thereupon calculates as to the probability of overtaking him. The tourist in Palestine experiences choice satisfaction in the assurance that his own feet are treading in the literal footsteps of Jesus; and there is deeper satisfaction in knowing that spiritually we are walking in the way that Jesus went. His footprints track for us the entire path through our wilderness up to the realms of perpetual glory. What a wise provision! Can we ever sufficiently laud, magnify and adore the all-loving Father for sending us such an infallible Guide? Ceaseless praises belong to God and His Son for so perfectly tracking out the way to successful living here and ultimate triumph in the eternal beyond.

1. The footsteps of Jesus are easily distinguished. The artist may throw the portals of heaven upon his responsive canvas, and yet mark out no way for us to enter. The poet may roam among the angels in his sublime verse, and yet give us no insight into transforming grace. The moralist may commend his code, but it cannot help us to rise above the earth. Only Jesus knows the road which leads ever upward. He has walked its full length and left His own shining footprints at every point.

2. They are readily traced. They make no indistinct outline, no imperfect impression. Their practical bearing can be grasped by a child, while the profoundest theologian cannot fully comprehend their significance. Jesus was the clearest thinker that ever thought on deep problems.

3. They lead to the heights. Man is made to "look up," to aspire, to rise. It is only when human feet are directed along the divine route that the summits of possible achievement are gained. How pitiful do men flounder and grope and despair when they quit the path of Jesus and wander off after Plato, or Hume, or Spencer, or any mere man! Jesus only is a perfectly safe leader.

4. They bring us to our largest usefulness and truest peace, putting the soul at rest with itself, with its environment, and with the future. No joy is so rich and full and deep as that found in going with Jesus on missions of love. Elias was a shrewd man, possessing both wealth and health, yet so miserable that he wanted to die. A wizard then he prevailed upon him to take a healing herb and start out to restore seven sick men, after which he himself might die if he chose. Off he went to the abodes of pain. His heart-strings were loosed and rang with a new melody. He not only healed the sick, but with his riches he relieved the needy. That little herb was the talisman that charmed away his melancholy and helped him find the footsteps of Jesus. When offered the "herb of death," he cried, "God forbid!" The currents of his being had been reversed, and life became a precious boon. As Christ found great satisfaction in going about to bless the world, so may we by following in His footsteps.

August 14.—Jesus Only. "The Touch of Jesus." Mark 6:2; Matt. 8:14, 15; 9:23, 25.

When the temple of Minerva was erected by the Athenians they were in need of a statue for its topmost summit. Among the competitors was a humble mechanic who, while he wrought upon the statue with his hands, kept his mind on the pedestal above. On he toiled, shaping the marble for its lofty place. When, among others, his statue was unveiled, it appeared coarse and uncouth; but as it rose, the apparent deformities disappeared. The highest went the more comely it looked. Reaching the position for which it was designed, it seemed animate with life and beauty. Amid enthusiastic cheers the prize was awarded. When the lowly Nazarene walked among men their questioning was, "What wisdom is this which is given unto Him, that even such mighty works are wrought by His hands?" But there was a wisdom in all His works far beyond their ken. Christ wrought for the far-off ages. When upon earth His

hand-touch was marvelous in actual results. But these were limited and even uncomely when compared with the spiritual significance of all that He did. The truths unveiled by His physical touch grew more and more attractive the higher they are lifted in clear thought. Like the statue of the artist, they reveal their loveliness and perfection when placed in their designed position and right relations. It is no longer the touch of His hand for the cure of bodily ills that is to be coveted, but the finer touch of His Spirit that is calculated to improve every interest of man.

1. Significant. What a world of meaning in the contact of the spiritual Christ with a human spirit! It puts the discordant elements of the soul in harmony with the laws of its truest well-being, and teaches it the purest lessons of high destiny.

2. Heartfelt. There is no indifference in the ministrations of Christ. From the depths of His divine soul He works upon our lives—an example to us to engage all our energies in whatever we do for our fellow men.

3. Elevating. His is a work of lifting up. From a lower to a higher plane has ever been His method. Whatever feels His touch starts upward to a better condition, whether it is a heart, a home, a literature, an art, a nation, or a civilization. This is a splendid fact, which may ever be proclaimed to the glory of Christ.

4. Cheering. Let Him but touch any soul, and how it immediately brightens up! Sunshine and good cheer invariably follow. It fills the heart with hope, the voice with song, and the life with loving service.

5. Soothing. Ah! what a mission has the touch of Jesus to lonely and sorrowing hearts! He sends His tender spirit down into depths of grief far below all human reach.

Come, then, blessed Christ, touch all our hearts with Thy loving, elevating, cheering, purifying presence, that we may be inspired to higher wills, nobler feeling and grander service!

August 21.—Jesus Only. "The Sorrows of Jesus." Isa. 53:3, 4.

The sufferings and sorrows of this life are largely of a vicarious nature. We may all realize this within ourselves. If passion is too severe, the moral sense suffers over the transgression. If the brain is over-exercised, the body suffers in consequence. Thus one part of the body pays the penalty of another's offences. Parents suffer that their children may have life and education and happiness. In social relations one man suffers the benefit of others. It is to this law, that seems so general in its application, that Christ became obedient. His sufferings were for the race. What awful grief must have been surging through His being to cause the exclamation, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful even unto death!"

1. His sorrows sprang from the exchange of heaven for earth. A mansion of luxury and wealth could not be abandoned for a rude hut without suffering. But Christ left the royal palace of glory for a cradle with the lowly herd, and thereby ranged a scale of existence not only greater than would be possible to man, but beyond finite conception.

2. It was a source of sorrow to Him that His own mother, His disciples and other followers, would suffer because of their relation to Him. His sympathetic nature, always so eager to relieve distress, keenly felt the necessity of imposing a certain measure of anguish upon all who dared to become allied with Him.

3. To His keen sense of that coarse sinfulness which met Him at every turn, must we attribute much of His sorrow. Some of us know what it is to be thrown in, for a season, with vile characters who have become so degraded that they have lost all relish for purity and goodness. It is most shocking and repulsive to us, even though we are naturally depraved. What must it have been to His spotless nature—to Him who was holy, harmless and undefiled?

4. How deep the sorrow which wrung His soul by reason of bearing the world's guilt! Not that He was blameworthy, but He volunteered to vindicate the law violated by every sinner, and in some sense to become a substitute for the penalty due. "He who knew no sin became sin for us," and was treated as the chief of sinners. None of us enjoy being falsely accused. Think of His being charged with being in collusion with evil and casting out devils by Beelzebub! Wonder not, O sin-cursed race, that thy Redeemer was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief!"

Application.—How strange that suffering should bear so large a part in the formation of character! As Christ was made perfect through suffering, so also has sorrow a special mission to all His disciples. Payson, amid great distress of body being asked if he saw any special reason for such sad visitation, replied, "No, but I am as well satisfied as if I should see ten thousand; God's will is the very perfection of all reasons." For the sake of a more beautiful bloom, florists sometimes deprive the rose of light and moisture. There it stands, leaf after leaf drooping and falling. Patiently it seems to be going down to death. But even are the last leaves have fallen a new and better life is throbbing in the bud. Richer buds are coming to the front, soon to become more tender leaves and more exquisite blossoms. So with the celestial Gardener. Sometimes He must strip us of coveted pleasures in order to prepare us for that wealth of soul-beauty of which we are capable. Patiently, trustfully, let us endure sorrow, should it come, if only thereby we may gain a loveliness of character that shall enrich earth and delight the heart of Christ.

"We only feel the pain His chastenings give: The sharp link Jesus only can we see; And He alone, by whom we move and live, He sees the hidden glory that shall be."

August 28.—Jesus Only. "The Joys of Jesus." John 15:9, 11; Luke 15:4.

There is something very cheering in this subject. We are so accustomed to think of our Lord as "a man of sorrows," that any assurance of His having an unfailing fountain of joy deeper than all else, affords us positive relief. His joys are beneath the surface; they appear not to the superficial observer. Beyond the reach of mere circumstances may be discovered the immutable and eternal condition of ever-glowing love is the great source of His faithless joys. Gladness, happiness, pleasure, express, frequently, ephemeral experiences—pretty blossoms that a passing breeze may scatter; while joy is abiding fruit of permanent value. It is love luxuriating in riches such as there is no fear of exhausting. Joy is love evermore exulting in its heritage and deeply appreciative of its divine wealth. Therefore the nature possessing the highest and deepest measure of love must experience the truest joy. Hence what far-reaching significance in Christ's wish for His followers—"that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

1. The joys of Jesus were realized in His mission of mercy. He had come to save the lost, to bring wandering sheep back to the good Shepherd's fold. What a sublime purpose! Can any satisfaction known to men and women be so deep as that which comes from unselfish sacrifice in lifting up the degraded? This, in a world-wide and time-lasting way, was Christ's work while on earth.

2. He found joy in revealing the Father's character to men. One of the choice pieces of art in

Rome is the Aurora by Guido Reni. It is a fresco on the lofty ceiling of the Rospigliosi palace. Trying to view it from below is exceedingly wearisome. Moreover, the figures are very indistinct. But availing one's self of the mirror near the floor, this beautiful production of genius can be easily studied. No more distress nor indistinctness. Like this very helpful mirror, Christ has reflected to mankind all the essential elements and truths of heaven.

3. He experienced joy in His knowledge of the ultimate triumph of right. Everywhere and at all times He planted seeds of righteousness, but comparatively few took deep root and grew vigorously. This discouraging result threw a mantle of gloom over His being, but underneath was the satisfactory assurance that truth would finally prevail. "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied."

